







Calicut Garden prompt books

v. 23

THE
WAY TO GET MARRIED:

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

By THOMAS MORTON, Esq.

AUTHOR OF COLUMBUS, ZORINSKI, CHILDREN IN THE WOOD, &c.

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PROLOGUE,

*Written by W. T. FITZGERALD, Esq.**Spoken by Mr. M'CREADY.*

THE stage should be, to life, a faithful glass,
 Reflecting modes, and manners as they pass;
 If these extravagant appear to you,
 Blame not the drama,—the reflection's true—
 Our Author makes of virtue no parade,
 And only ridicules the *vice* of trade;
 Exposés Folly in its native tint,
 And leaves mankind to profit by the hint.
 The modern buck,—how different from the beau
 In bag and ruffles, sixty years ago!
 The city coxcomb then was seldom seen,
 (Confin'd to Bunhill-row, or Bethnal-green):
 West of Cheapside you then could scarcely meet
 The gay Lothario—of Threadneedle-street!
 His folly rarely met the public eye,
 Or, like a shadow, pass'd unheeded by:
 Tradesman and rake were then remov'd as far
 As gay St. James's is from Temple-bar.
 But now the cit must breathe a purer air,
 The change he *visits*—lives in Bedford-square—
 Informs a fleet—then Bootle's club attends,
 Proud to be notic'd by his titled friends;
 And tries to join, by Dissipation's aid,
 The man of fashion with the man of trade.
 Vain to associate with superior rank,
 He quits his *ledger*—for the Faro bank;
 His dashing curricule down Bond street drives,
 Risking his *own* and worse—his horses' lives;
 Till, urging Fortune's glowing wheel too fast,
 This empty air-blown bubble breaks at last!
 Tho' trade may give such upstart mushrooms birth,
 The Muse pays homage to its real worth.
 This isle to commerce owes her splendid state,
 The source of all that makes her truly great!
 And 'midst her busy sons enough are found
 To raise dejected mis'ry from the ground.
 While commerce, with a lib'ral heart bestows
 Her wealth, to mitigate the poor man's woes;
 Seeks out the wretch, his gloomy prison cheers,
 And wipes, with pitying hand, the widow's tears—
 The applauding world will say (such bounty giv'n)
 The English merchant is the steward of heav'n.
 Our Author now that candour would implore,
 Which your indulgence has bestow'd before;
 Still on a gen'rous Public he depends;
 Give your support—he asks no better friends!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Tangent,	-	-	Mr. LEWIS.
Toby Allspice,	-	-	Mr. QUICK.
Captain Faulkner,	-	-	Mr. POPE.
Cautic,	-	-	Mr. MUNDEN.
Dick Dathall,	-	-	Mr. FAWCETT.
M'Query,	-	-	Mr. M'CREADY.
Landlord,	-	-	Mr. DAVENPORT.
Shopman,	-	-	Mr. ABBOT.
Town-Clerk,	-	-	Mr. COMBES.
Waiter,	-	-	Mr. CURTIS.
Ned,	-	-	Mr. WILDE.
Postilion,	-	-	Mr. SIMMONS.
Undertaker,	-	-	Mr. STREET.
Jailer,	-	-	Mr. WILLIAMSON.
Solicitor,	-	-	Mr. HOLLAND.
Officer,	-	-	Mr. BLURTON.
<i>Geoffrey</i> - Allspice's Servant,	-	-	Mr. REES.
<i>Harry</i> - Cautic's Servant,	-	-	Mr. FARLEY.
<i>William</i> Dathall's Servant,	-	-	Mr. LEDGER.
Bailiff,	-	-	Mr. CROSS.
Julia Faulkner,	-	-	Miss WALLIS.
Clementina Allspice,	-	-	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Lady Sorrel,	-	-	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Fanny,	-	-	Miss LESERVE.

The Lines marked with inverted Commas are omitted in the Representation.

THE WAY TO GET MARRIED.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Room in a House—Bells ringing.

DASHALL (*without*).

LANDLORD!

LANDLORD *enters* (*smoking*).

Landlord. Here I am—noisy chap this.

Enter DASHALL.

Dash. Where are all your people? Damn it, Landlord, is this your attention?

Land. Who do you damn, eh? If you don't like my house, march,—there's another in the town.

Dash. This rascal now, because he has the best beds and wine on the road, claims the privilege of insulting his guests—call my servants up.

Land. Not I—enough plague with my own—why don't you go to the other inn? I'll tell you—because you know when you are well off, ha! ha!

Dash. Impudent scoundrel! but as I want information, I must humour him.—You're a high fellow.

Land. An't I?

Dash. And so, old Boar's head, my good friend,

B

Toby

Toby Allspice, by the sudden death of his predecessor, enters this day upon the tonish office of sheriff of your ancient corporation.

Land. He does.—And what's better, by the sudden death of an old maid, Miss Sarah Sapless, he and his daughter will, it is said, enter upon the fingering of about thirty thousand pounds.

Dash. Good news, egad!—Well, old Porcupine, get dinner; and, d'ye hear, none of your ropy champagne—the real stuff (*slaps him on the back*).

Land. Well, I will—Ecod, I like you.

Dash. Come, be off (*strikes him with his whip*).

Land. Ecod, you have an agreeable way with you. [*Exit shrugging his shoulders.*]

Dash. In the ticklish state of my circumstances, Allspice and his daughter will be worth attending to.

William
Enter Servant.

Serv. Letters, sir, from London. [*Exit.*]

Dash. Now for it! this makes me a bankrupt, or a good man. (*Reads*) “Dear Dashall, all's up”—As I thought.—“Transfer swears if you don't settle your bear account in a week, he'll black-board you”—Pleasant enough!—“Affectionate inquiries are making after you at Lloyd's; and, to crown all, hops were so lively last market, that there is already a loss of thousands upon that scheme—Nothing can save you but the ready.—Yours, Tim. Tick.”

“N. B. Green peas were yesterday sold at Leadenhall-Market at nine-pence a peck; so your bet of three thousand pounds on that event is lost.” So! lurch'd every way—stocks, insurance, hops, hazard, and green peas, all over the left shoulder, and then, like a flat, I must get pigeon'd at faro by ladies of quality; for the swagger
of

of saying "The duchess and I were curst jolly last night;" but, confusion to despair! I'm no flincher.—If I can but humbug old Allspice out of a few thousands, and marry his daughter, I shall cut a gay figure, and make a splash et.

William Waver. (without.) A room for Lady Sorrel.

Dash. What the devil brings her here?—Old and ugly as she is, I'll take decent odds but 'tis an intrigue.

Enter LADY SORREL.

Lady Sor. Inform my cousin Caustic, I'm here.—Ah! Dashall, I suppose the warm weather has driven you from town.

Dash. True; London was certainly too hot for me; but how could your ladyship leave the fascination of play?

Lady Sor. Hush! that's not my rural character.—I always assimilate.—The fact is, Dick, I have here a strange, plain-spoken, worthy, and wealthy relation; he gives me considerable sums to distribute in London to the needy, which I lose in play, to people of fashion; and you'll allow that is giving them to the needy, and fulfilling the worthy donor's intention, ha! ha!

Dash. Then you are not here because your favourite, young Tangent, is arrived? eh!

Lady Sor. What, Dick, have you found out my attachment there? Well, I confess it: and if my regard be not, I'll take care my revenge shall be, gratified; and 'tis a great consolation that one is nearly as sweet as the other.

Dash. And I'll be equally candid. The miserable fact is, I am completely brozied, cut down to a sixpence, and have left town.

Lady Sor. Like a skilful engineer, who, having laid his train for the destruction of others, prudently retires during the blow-up.

B 2

Caustic.

Caust. (*without.*) In the next room, do you say?
 (*Enters.*) Lady Sorrel, I rejoice to see you, and have provided at home for your reception.

Lady Sor. Then I'll order my carriage and servants there.

Caust. No; I can depend on your prudence, but not on your servants'—S'death! were any of your fashionable London servants to get footing in my family, I suppose in a week my old housekeeper would give *conversations*, a little music, and two-penny faro.

Dasb. Vastly well.—By no means contemptible.

Caust. Sir!

Lady Sor. Cousin, this is Mr. Dasbhall, one of the first men in the city,—*sees* the first company, lives in the first style——

Caust. This a merchant of the city of London?

Dasb. Curîe the quiz! I'll throw off a little—Perhaps you've not been in town lately.

Caust. No, sir.

Dasb. Oh, the old school—quite gone by—I remember, my old gig of a father wore a velvet nightcap in his compting house—what a vile bore, ha! ha!

Caust. And pray, sir, what may you wear in your compting house?

Dasb. Strike me moral if I've seen it these three months. If you wish to trade in style, and make a *splash*, you must fancy Cheapside Newmarket, and Lloyd's and the Allèy faro tables, for Demoiivre has as completely ousted Cocker's Arithmetic with us, as Hoyle has the Complete Housewife with our wives, egad—talk of Brooks's or Newmarket; chicken hazard to the game we play at Lloyd's—monopoly's the word now, old boy; hops, corn, sugar, furs—at all in the ring.

Caust. Amazing! sir, your capital must be astonishing to be—at all in the ring (*mimicking*).

Dasb. Capital! an old bugbear—never thought of now—no, paper—discount does it.

Caufst. Paper!

Dasb. Aye; suppose I owe a tradesman, my taylor for instance, two thousand pounds.

Caufst. A merchant owe his taylor two thousand pounds! mercy on us!

Dasb. I give him my note for double the sum, he discounts it—I touch half in the ready—note comes due—double the sum again—touch half again, and so on to the tune of fifty thousand pounds. If monopolies answer, make all straight—If not, smash—into the gazette. Brother merchants say “damn’d fine fellow—liv’d in style—only traded beyond his capital.”—So, certificate’s signed—ruin a hundred or two reptiles of retailers, and so begin the war again.—That’s the way to make a splash—devilish neat, isn’t it?

Caufst. Pretty well.

Dasb. How you stare! you *don’t* know *nothing* of life, old boy.

Caufst. Vulgar scoundrel!

Dasb. We are the boys in the city. Why there’s Sweetwort, the brewer,—don’t you know sweetwort! dines an hour later than any duke in the kingdom—imports his own turtle—dresses turbot by a stop watch—has house-lamb fed on cream, and pigs on pine-apples—gave a jollification t’other day—Stokehole in the brewhouse—asked a dozen peers—all glad to come—can’t live as we do. Who make the splash in Hyde-park? who fill the pit at the opera? who inhabit the squares in the west? why, the knowing ones from the east to be sure.

Caufst. Not the wise ones from the east, I’m sure.

Dasb. Who support the fashionable faro tables? oh how the duchesses chuckel and rub their hands, when they see one of us!

Cauf. Duchesses keep gaming tables!

Dasb. To be sure! how the devil shou'd they live? such a blow up the other night! you were there, Lady Sorrel!

Lady Sor. I at a faro table!

Cauf. No, no.

Dasb. (*aside.*) Upon my honour I beg pardon—you see, sir, the duchess was dealing, and Mrs. Swagger was punning. Oh, ho! cries Mrs. Swagger, “That was very neatly done”—“What do you mean?” says the duchess—“Only, madam, I saw you slip a card”—“dam’me” says the duchess—

Cauf. Says the duke.

Dasb. Says the duchess.

Cauf. No, no! “dam’me,” says the duke.

Dasb. Psha! the duchess, I tell you. It’s her way.

Cauf. Her way! O Lud!

Dasb. Where was I? oh, “dam’me” says the duchess, “but you turn out of my house”—“and curse me,” cries little miss Swagger, (a sweet amiable little creature of about fourteen.) “if we stay here to be swindled,”—Words got high, and oaths flew about like rouleaus; but as they had pluck’d me of my last feather, I got up, and, in imitation of my betters, twang’d off a few dam’mes, and retired.

Cauf. The world’s at an end—all is sophisticated!—nothing bears even its right name—whoredom is gallantry; swindling, running out; female debauchery, a *faux-pas*. The murdering duellist has a nice sense of honour, the cuckold-maker is a dear delicious devil, and the cuckold the best humour’d creature in the world.

Dasb. Well said, old one—you’ve some *nous* about you.

Cauf. Foul-tongued blockhead!

Tang.

L. H. - *Tang.* (*without.*) Tell counsellor Endless I'll be in court presently,

Caust. I think I know that voice.

Lady Sor. (*tenderly*) So do I. (*aside*)—'Tis your darling nephew, your adopted Tangent—I saw him come out of a chaise with two barristers.

Caust. Psha ! barristers ! you forget he's in the army.

Lady Sor. Mayn't I trust my eyes ?

Caust. Why, at fifty-nine, cousin, eyes are not always to be trusted. Pray, Mr. Dashall, do you know this nephew of mine ?

Dash. Oh, yes ; but he associates with authors and wits, quite out of our set—we in the city don't vote them gentlemen—you'll never find *no* wit at my table, I'll take care of that.—But you expect company, and so I'll be off to my friend Allspice's.—By the way, I hear his daughter will touch to the tune of thirty thousand pounds.

Caust. Very likely : but I don't know any good it will do her.

Dash. Not do good ! I beg pardon. Riches give wit,—elegance.

Caust. Do they ? I'm sorry you're so poor.

Dash. Eh ! what ! oh neat enough ! and what do you say riches give, queer one ?

Caust. Generally, vulgar impertinence.

Dash. I congratulate you on being so rich, ha, ha ! rat me ! but at last I've said a good one !—Lady Sorrel, your devoted.—Good bye, queer one !—What a superlative gig it is ! [*Exit.*]

Caust. Was that my nephew's voice ?

Enter TANGENT.

Sir, your most obedient !

Tang. Ah, my dear uncle ! who could have expected to have seen you in this part of the world ?

Caust. This part of the world ! why, 'tis the town I live in, is it not ? and have not you come on purpose to visit me ?

Tang. True, uncle ; I was—

Caust. At your old tricks, castle-building. Fancying yourself Tippoo Saib, I warrant, or empress of all the Russias.

Tang. No, no, you wrong me—Ah, lady Sorrel, how cou'd you leave town, where you were the ton ?

Caust. The ton, ha, ha ! Then I suppose grandmothers are the ton ?

Tang. You have hit it, uncle. (*Aside to Caustic.*)—I never saw you look so well. (*To Lady Sorrel.*)

Lady Sor. Dear sir, you flatter.

Caust. He does, he does. Come, sir, no more of that. Age is respectable, and you ought to be above making a jest of an old woman.

Lady Sor. Mr. Caustic, your behaviour is intolerable. Mr. Tangent, do you dine with us ?

Tang. Nothing can afford me greater felicity—

Caust. Than to dine with an old woman—Nonsense ! Go home, cousin, go home.

Lady Sor. Brute ! Mr. Tangent, good morning. Sweet, elegant youth ! how my heart doats on him.

[*Exit.*]

Caust. Frank, leave that cursed trick, that—

Tang. I know what you mean—I believe I used to indulge in little flights of fancy.

Caust. You did indeed.

Tang. Ah, that's all over. My life passes in a dull consistent uniformity.

Caust. I'm glad on't—Well, how goes on the regiment ?

Tang. The regiment ? Oh, I've left the army.

Caust. Oh, you've left the army, (*imitating*)—and why, sir ?

Tang.

Tang. I dont know—I imagine I was tired of the routine, field days, parade, mess-dinners, and so—

Caust. And so what, sir.

Tang. I determined to adhere to the law.

Caust. I've no patience with your folly. But, sir, are you sure the law has brought you here? Is it not some ridiculous love affair, some jilting tit from Exeter?

Tang. (aside) I'll humour his dislike to the sex.—Women! Gewgaws for boys and dotards.

Caust. True. He has a fine understanding.

Tang. What are they all?

Caust. Ay; what are they all?

Tang. The best of them are virtuously vicious, and impertinently condescending.

Caust. He's a fine youth —Go on.

Tang. All a contradiction.

Caust. True, Frank; Pope himself says so—

“ Woman's at best a contradiction still;”

then he goes on—

“ A fop their passion, and their prize, a sot.”

Tang. “ Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot.”—Sir, I've the whole epistle by heart.

Caust. Have you? Come to my arms. Now stick to this and the law, and my whole fortune is your own—when I die.

Tang. And in the mean time I'll thank you for a thousand pounds.

Caust. Thank me! I dare say you will. A thousand pounds! But how is it to be employed?—What fashionable scheme?

Tang. A very unfashionable one, uncle; in paying my debts.

Caust. You know, Frank, you once disgraced yourself,

yourself, and deeply offended me, by borrowing money of M^cQuery, a knavish money-lender.—If your debts are of that description, you become my antipathy, my detestation.

Tang. On my honour, no.

Caust. Well then, as I can better afford to lose it than an honest creditor, I'll give it you on conditions—first, that you adhere to the law.

Tang. Granted.

Caust. Secondly, that you leave that hair-brain'd folly, which makes me mad,—that castle building.

Tang. Oh, granted.

Caust. And lastly, that this thousand shall be the sum total of your extravagance.

Tang. With all my heart—And here's my hand.

Caust. But, Frank, what say you to 30,000l. down on the nail?

Tang. I say, sir, that no particular objection to it strikes me at present.

Caust. Then I'll tell you—Here's a will by which it is supposed Miss Clementia Allspice will be heiress to that sum. Now I'll introduce you: and if, on seeing her, you agree with me that she is grossly vulgar, and extravagantly affected,—in short, should you thoroughly dislike her, I can see no rational objection to your marrying her.

Tang. Certainly not—I'll attend you! But first I must go to the courts.

Caust. Aye, Stick to the law—stick to that—stick to any thing. You remember your pranks—This hour writing a satire on the frivolity of the age, the next, riding a hundred miles to shoot at a target—One day dressed in solemn black for the purpose of ordination—The next in a pink jacket and jockey cap, riding a match at Newmarket—So, no more of that, but stick to the law.

Tang,

Tang. To be sure ; what expansion of intellect it occasions ! What honours does it not lead to !

Caust. True.

Tang. Think of the woolfack.

Caust. Yes.

Tang. There's an object to look to !

Caust. Tremendous !

Tang. My ambition anticipates my honours, and I see myself in the envied situation.

Caust. Eh !

Tang. Dress'd in my robes, I bow to the throne.
(*Sits down with dignity in a chair.*)

Caust. Zounds ! now he's at it.

(*Tangent rises and puts on his hat.*)

Order ! Order ! Is it your lordships' pleasure this bill do pass—As many as are content, say, "Aye"—Not content, "No"—The contents have it.

Caust. Now would it not provoke the devil ?—I humbly move that your lordship may leave the woolfack, and that your brains may cease to go a woolgathering.

Tang. My lord !—Eh !—Oh !—I beg your excuse, uncle—I was just indulging a little flight.

Caust. Yes, I know you were—But where are you going ?

Tang. To the courts.

Caust. Pray stick to the law.

Tang. And to the woolfack. Does not the hope of that fill our universities with blockheads—and cram our courts full of barristers, with heads as empty as they leave their clients' pockets ?—As many as are content, say "Aye"—Not content, "No"—The contents have it. [*Exit.*]

Caust. So,—mad and absurd as ever ! But I trust he has a good heart, and I'll give him fair play ; for, sometimes, the subsiding opposition of worth and folly produces the brightest characters, even

as

the beautiful firmament is said to have been formed from the contending chaos of light and darkness. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

FAULKNER'S HOUSE—*A knocking at the door, Faulkner crosses the stage, and opens the door.*

Enter ~~Servant~~. Harry.

Serv. Captain Faulkner, my master (Mr. Caustic) will wait on you this morning for the payment of his rent.

Faulk. My compliments, and I shall be glad to see him. [Exit Servant.]

Thank heaven; enough remains for that! My rent being paid, perhaps I may gloss over the meagre hue of poverty, till my law-suit is decided. (*A harp is heard.*) Poor Julia! did'st thou know thy father's abject penury, 'twould break thy heart. Perhaps it may be concealed—at least I'll try to think so—Julia! my daughter!

Enter JULIA.

Julia. My dearest father!

Faulk. My child! thou art this day of age.

Julia. Yes, sir, (*averting her face with dejection, then recovering herself.*)—I beg your pardon.

Faulk. Heiress of penury. My darling girl! Oh, had heaven so will'd it, this had been a morning that pleasure might have long'd for. The sad reverse made sleep a stranger to me. I rose, and gave thee, Julia, all a poor fond father could,—a blessing at the throne of mercy.

Julia. More rich, more valued than all the splendour we have lost. Indeed I grieve not for it. Pray, sir, be cheerful, as we are above the reach of want.

Faulk.

Faulk. Oh! (*stifling a groan*) True, my love; return to your harp—I expect my attorney—he dispatch'd, I'll come to thee—Sure he stays!—What says my watch?—hold—I forgot I had parted with it (*aside*).

Julia. How fortunate! Look, sir, I've made a purchase for you (*shewing a watch*). Since you lost yours, you have been less punctual in coming home, and I have been the loser of many a happy hour—'Tis quite a bargain—the man will call to-day for the money.

Faulk. How unlucky!

Julia. You are not angry? You cannot be! What not a kiss for my attention?

Faulk. My only comfort! (*kisses her*) Here's a bank note—Pay for your purchase, and employ the rest in procuring our household wants. Go in—a thousand blessings on thee. [*Exit Julia.*]

Poor, luckless wench! Oh, how willingly would I lay down this life, but for thy sake, my child!

M'QUERY (*without*).

Captain Faulkner!

(*Faulkner goes to the door and opens it.*)

Enter M'QUERY.

Faulk. Ah, my attorney! Speak, tell me, relieve the sufferings of a parent's heart—am I to despair? (*M'Query shakes his head.*) Is there a hope?

M'Query. Here's a letter.
(*Faulkner opens it with trepidation and gives it to M'Query.*)

Faulk. Pray read it.

M'QUERY (*reads*).

“ Sir, I am sorry, that instead of congratulating

“ lating you on the recovering your valuable
 “ estates, I have to inform you, that by an un-
 “ lucky and accidental error in our declaration we
 “ were non-suited. I must trouble you to remit
 “ me 200l. as I cannot in prudence undertake the
 “ continuance of this important cause without the
 “ costs being secured to me—your faithful ser-
 “ vant, DEDIMUS DUPLEX.”

Faulk. Ruin, Ruin!

M^r Query. Oh, here's a bit of a postscript—“ A
 Mr. Tangent—”

Faulk. Who? (*alarm'd*)

M^r Query. What's the matter? (*reads*)—“ A
 Mr. Tangent has been frequently enquiring after
 you.”

Faulk. How unlucky!

M^r Query. That you did not see him?

Faulk. (*With hesitation*) y—ye—yes—sir—

M^r Query. How lucky then! for I saw him just
 now.

Faulk. In this town?

M^r Query. Yes; I'll bring him here in a crack.
 (*going.*)

Faulk. Hold! not for the world.

M^r Query. Not for the world! what makes you
 tremble? Oh, ho! there's a bit of a secret, and I
 must be master of it (*aside*). Come, an't I your
 friend? Did not I come and offer my friendship and
 assistance, without even knowing you?

Faulk. You did so.

M^r Query. And an't I still ready with my friend-
 ship and service?—and I will assist you.

Faulk. Will you, will you, sir? Indeed I want
 it. Hear then my unhappy story; but swear by
 sacred honour.

M^r Query. If you've a bit of a bible, I'll take my
 oath—honour's all moonshine!

Faulk.

Faulk. No, sir. Honour, is the conversation of society : without it, even our virtues wou'd be dangerous. It tempers courage, and vice it puts to shame ; it irradiates truth, and mixes up opposing passions in the sweet compound of urbanity.

M^cQuery. Oh, very true ; (*aside*) I'll pop that into my next brief. Oh, it will make a flashy speech for one of our fine pathetic barristers. But now for the secret. Whatever you communicate shall be locked here, upon my honour.

Faulk. It was my fate to marry contrary to my father's will, and I was driven by misfortune to India ; where, after a residence of eighteen years, the news reached me of my father's decease, and that at his death he had done me the justice he refused me living. I was about to return to England to take possession of my estates, when the service demanded my assistance to check the inroads of a powerful banditti that infested the frontier.—In a skirmish, Lieutenant Richmond, a brave lad, fell by my side—he gave to my care one thousand pounds, as a bequest to his friend Mr. Tangent.

M^cQuery. So far, so well.

Faulk. On my return, sir, I found my wife dying. I am sorry to trouble you with hearing my misfortunes.

M^cQuery. Don't mention it—'tis a pleasure—you found your wife dying.

Faulk. And my patrimony, as you know, usurped by a distant and wealthy relation—I endeavoured to find Mr. Tangent—

M^cQuery. Oh no !

Faulk. Indeed I did, sir—distresses came upon me—arrears for my daughter's education—the expences of my wife's funeral (*weeps*).

M^cQuery. (*aside*) Nobody wou'd grudge that, sure.

Faulk,

Faulk. And the hopes of recovering my right by law, induced me, sir, to, to——

M^r Query. Make use of Mr. Tangent's money.

Faulk. Y—yes—sir. I doubted not but I cou'd soon replace it. I had considerable prize-money due—aye, and somewhat hardly earn'd—but it is not paid. Involved with agents, proct—

M^r Query. Aye, and sweet pretty picking it is.

Faulk. Then, sir, I hoped soon to recover my estates. But the progress of the law is, you know, so very slow—

M^r Query. We don't—we don't hurry ourselves certainly.

Faulk. Now, sir, wou'd you advance the money to pay Mr.——

M^r Query. Why, you don't mean to pay it, do you?

Faulk. Sir ! (*with indignation.*)

M^r Query. Don't bother yourself about such a trifle—pay him ! pugh ! stuff ! Between ourselves, I thought you had been dabbling in a little forgery.

Faulk. Villain ! (*seizes him. M^r Query smiles*)
Oh. I beg pardon you are pleasant.

M^r Query. Yes, I am very pleasant ; and I wish I cou'd return the compliment. (*aside.*) What a tiger ! However, I'm glad you have the cash, because——

Faulk. Even now, I gave the last guinea I possess'd to my daughter.

M^r Query. That's unlucky ! Because here's a little bit of a bill for labour, trouble, care and diligence, as we say.

Faulk. (*taking it.*) This, then, is your proffer'd assistance.

M^r Query.

McQuery. Oh, read it, read it. You'll find it right to an eightpence.

Faulk. (reads) "Attending you frequently to offer my advice and friendship without being able to meet you, two pounds two." *(with severity)*

McQuery. That's right and proper, and 'tis all like it; but as you've no cash, you may as well sign a little bit of a bond and judgment: it will make the debt an even fifty.

Faulk. Aye, any thing. *(walks about in disorder)*

McQuery. 'Tis a pity you're so poor.

Faulk. Hush! for heaven's sake—

McQuery. I'm worth twenty thousand.

Faulk. You're a lucky man, sir.

McQuery. Here's a bond ready.

Faulk. Within there! Bring pen and ink.

McQuery. Ha, ha! You forget you have not a parcel of servants now. That's a good one, ha, ha!

Faulk. (attempting to laugh) Ha, ha! I did so, sir.—Damnation! is life worth holding on these terms? We shall find them in the next room.

McQuery. Now, sir, tho' you have put yourself in my power—

Faulk. Hah! in your power—shallow fool! mark me. Dare but to hint at what I've told you, and by the honour I have lost, your life pays the forfeit—do you mark? In your power! Do you mark, I say?

McQuery. O yes! I was not in earnest. I was pleasant again. Oh, what a devil he is! 'tis hard to be so poor—I'm worth twenty thousand, every shilling.

Faulk. This way. Unfeeling man!

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT I.

C

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Room at ALLSPICE's House.

Enter Clementina and Fanny.

Clementina.

'How do I look, Fanny? Do you know, Fanny, my dead aunt was quite teizing—I declare and vow she once sent for me to see her die, and I found her dancing a Scotch reel at an assembly. How horrid provoking! Have you an idea, Fanny, how much one ought to cry for an aunt?

Fanny. I don't really know, miss.

Clem. Oh Fanny, you lived with lady Eschallot when her husband died. Did she make it a point to take on?

Fanny. O yes, ma'am.

Clem. Did it tell, Fanny?

Fanny. Exceedingly, ma'am.

Clem. I dare say it wou'd be stylish, 'tis so particular. Oh! I shall have oceans of lovers when I get this fortune. 'Tis so shocking to be constant, I vow—after you have cut your jokes and shown your tricks, it grows so insipid, and you do long for another lover in such a style, you've no idea. Here comes pa—Do you know, Fanny, that pa's keeping a shop horrifies me to that degree—*[Exit Fanny.]*

Enter

Enter ALLSPICE, with his velvet cap and apron on.

Allsp. Ah, Cleme—what I dizen'd out—expect to touch the mopuffles, eh?

Clem. Indeed, pa, I'm reduc'd to despair to see you out of mourning.

Allsp. First let's see the will. Time enough to mourn when I find there's something to rejoice at. I wish Caustic would come—busy day, Cleme. As sheriff, I must usher the judges into the town—as tradesman, must attend my customers—so, what between the judges in the court, and the old women in the shop, I've my hands full.

Enter SERVANT. Shopman

Serv. Mr. Caustic, and Mr. M'Query, sir.

Enter CAUSTIC and M'QUERY.

Allsp. Ah, friend Caustic, glad to see you—servant, Mr. Attorney—come, bring chairs, read quick,—never mind stops—busy day.

Caust. Miss Clementina, how do you do? These are rather gay habiliments for mourning.

Clem. Mr. Caustic, no observations. As pa says, read.

Caust. With all my heart—except the colour, gay as a bride.

Clem. Don't be impertinent, man.

Caust. And the head too—heigho! Well, here is the will, and thus I break the seal—now for it.

Allsp. Ay, now for it. *(they all seat themselves)*

Caust. (reads) “I, Sarah Suplefs, spinster, being of sound and disposing mind, do make this my last will and testament. Imprimis, I bequeath to my worthy brother-in-law, Toby Allspice.”—

Allsp. Oh, she was an excellent old woman! *(pretends to weep.)*

THE WAY TO GET MARRIED:

Caust. "Toby Allspice, the sum of five pounds—"

Allsp. What?

Caust. "The sum of five pounds, to purchase a ring."

Allsp. A what?

Caust. A ring.

Allsp. Fiddlededee! Superannuated old fool.

Caust. Silence! "And whereas my wayward
"fate has deprived me of the comforts of wedlock,
"and as I sincerely believe that nothing can tend
"more to the benefit of society, than promoting
"the happiness of faithful lovers"—very extra-
ordinary this!—"I do hereby bequeath to Wal-
"ter Caustic, esquire, all my estates, personal
"and real"—

Clem. What!

Caust. (*eagerly*) "I bequeath to Walter Caustic,
"esquire, all my estates, personal and real,—in
"trust"—(*dejectedly*)

Clem. Oh, in trust! (*nodding and smiling*)

Caust. I hate trusts.

Clem. Silence, sir. Go on.

Caust. "In trust, to settle and convey the same
"as a marriage portion upon any young woman
"he may think worthy, who may be about to be-
"come a bride, within the space of one month af-
"ter my decease."

Allsp. Ecod, it's a queer one.

Caust. "And whereas——"

M^r Query. That's all that's material, except a
bit of a codicil.

Clem. Mr. Attorney, is not my name in the
will?

M^r Query. No, miss.

Clem. Pa! (*weeps*)

Allsp. Cleme!

Clem.

Clem. Do you know, pa, that being disappointed of thirty thousand pounds, is extremely disagreeable?

Allsp. Very, Cleme.

Caust. All that's material? What's this, and this? (*turning over sheets*)

M'Query. That, you know, is description and specification; and saying it over and over again to make the thing look plump and decent.

Caust. Now for the codicil! "I, the within named, Sarah Sablefs, do make this codicil, which I do order and direct may be taken as part of my said will, and by which I do hereby bequeath to Phelim M'Query, my attorney, in lieu of his bill, one thousand pounds—" Very moderate recompence!

M'Query. Very moderate! But 'tis enough—Oh, 'tis enough. (*rises*)

Caust. This, certainly is the most extraordinary; Ha, ha, ha! To select me for the high priest of Hymen, to make me a wither'd Cupid, ha, ha, ha! (*all rise*)

Enter SHOPMAN.

Shop. The cavalcade is ready to move, and only waits for your honour.

Allsp. Then get my gown and wig; and my white wand. 'Tis very awful!

Caust. You look alarm'd—I've seen you before a judge without being frighten'd.

Allsp. Aye; but that was when I was a greater man than the judge, foreman of the jury—and then I'm not afraid of the devil.

M'Query. If you don't think my diffidence may increase yours, I'll attend.

Caust. Oh, no danger!

Allsp. Well, now I commence the perfect gem-

man. Damn it, stand back,' (to M^r. Query) I must go first. Dick, fill this box with *backy*—Roger, yoke the coach. [Exit, Allspice and M^r. Query.]

CAUST. *is going, when CLEM. curtsies, and stops him.*

Clem. (sobbing) Mr. Caustic, you were polite enough to find fault with my dress—I'll alter my gown any way you please, sir.

Caust. So, here's a change! (aside) By no means, ma'am.

Clem. But you have discernment, sir.

Caust. I have a little, ma'am. (sarcastically) Good morning.

Clem. When may we expect the honour of seeing you again, sir?

Caust. Well remember'd, Tangent will be here. Miss Clementina, I intend to introduce to you my nephew, Mr. Tangent. Should he come before I return, I hope you'll welcome him.

Clem. (with vivacity) Dear sir! Oh! oh! Mr. Tangent and I, then, are to be the happy pair. (aside) Dear Mr. Caustic, I hope you have quite abandon'd your gout. I declare and vow, I was horrified at hearing you were ill.

Caust. Indeed, madam, I expected death.

Clem. Do you know that's extremely disagreeable. I hope you will make it a point to keep well, Mr. Caustic. Pray take care of the steps—If you shou'd slip, I shou'd scream in such a style, you have no idea. I must attend you.

Caust. You are too good. No.

Clem. I shall expire if I don't. Take care, dear Mr. Caustic. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

ALLSPICE'S SHOP.—*Two Shop Chairs.*

Shopman and woman discover'd.

Shop. I'm afraid, ma'am, you'll find the parcel rather heavy—I'll send it home. There's your change, ma'am. *[Exit woman.]*

Enter TANGENT (sits down in a chair).

Tang. Shopman, is Mr. Caustic here?

Shop. He's gone, sir; but will return presently.

Tang. Very well—I'll wait for him.

Shop. You'd better walk into the house, sir:—the shop——

Tang. (sits and eats raisins.) I like the shop. Is your mistress, miss Clementina within, eh!

Shop. Yes, sir.

Tang. I don't much relish this affair. However, it humours old Caustic so,—d'ye hear? tell her Mr. Tangent wishes to pay his respects—What are you about? *(rises)*

Shop. Oh. I dare not go before miss with my apron on—she says it's vulgar.

[Exit. (after having put his apron on the chair)]

Tang. Ignorant prejudice! *(putting the apron round him)* By heavens, 'tis as honest an appendage, aye, and of as much benefit to society too, as many long robes I've seen. *(sits)* Tired to death of the courts—either as dull as a country church, or as vulgar as Billingsgate.

Enter JULIA FAULKNER.

Julia. I presume, sir, you belong here.

Tang. (with surprize) I, ma'am! heavens, what

what an angel ! Ma'am—No—(*looking at himself*)
Oh yes—yes, ma'am—I belong to the shop. (*throwing away his hat*) What a lovely creature !

Julia. Is Mr. Richard at home ?

Tang. No, ma'am, Dicky has just stepped out, ma'am—Interesting beyond description !

Julia. Then I must trouble you for these articles.

Tang. (*runs behind the counter*) Proud to serve you, ma'am—just take down the day-book—now I shall know my angel's name and abode. To be sent, ma'am, to—(*writing in the day-book*)

Julia. There's something very extraordinary in this young man—Sir, I'll send for them—Good morning.

Tang. S'death ! I shall lose her—Stop, ma'am. I beg pardon—but here are exactly the articles you want, ready pack'd, and I shall be happy in attending you home with them, ma'am—exceedingly happy.

Julia. His deportment and dress seem much above his situation—Sir, I can't think of troubling you.

Tang. Trouble, ma'am ! Never above my business. I'll attend you.

Julia. But there is none to attend the—

Tang. Oh, ma'am, Dicky is only in the house. What shall I do for a hat ? (*Sees a small one hanging up, puts it on*) Ma'am, I'll follow you—Dicky, mind the shop, Dicky—Oh, an angel ! What the devil have I got here ? 'tis infernally heavy. I'll follow you, ma'am—Dicky take care of the shop.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CLEM. (*with her eyes fix'd on the ground*) and
SHOPMAN.

Clem. Mr. Tangent, your most obedient—I declare

clare and vow—(*Looks up, then at the shopman*)
Where's Mr. Tangent, fellow?

Shop. I left him here, ma'am, with my apron.

Clem. Then he's gone.

Shop. Ecod, and so is my apron.

Clem. Now, whether this is shocking vulgar, or extremely stylish, I've not the minutest atom of an idea. I dare say 'tis genteel.

Shop. (*grumbling aside*) Not to take my apron.

Clem. Oh, I'm sure 'tis fine breeding; for there's a certain brutality in high life that's enchanting. (*buzza without*) What horrid yell is that?

Shop. 'Tis my master, the sheriff, miss, come from the show, huzza!

Clem. Silence, brute!

(*WITHOUT*) "*Room for the sheriff.*"

Enter ALLSPICE (*with sheriff's gown and wig, wiping his face*).

Allsp. Thank God 'tis over! I'd rather throw a hundred sugar loaves into a cart, than go thro' it again. Well, Cleme, how goes on the shop?

Clem. You know, pa, I hate the shop.

Allsp. Oh fie, Cleme! don't let me hear you say that again. You dog, is that the way to tie up a parcel? (*to shopman, and gives a box on the ear*) Confound these trappings! Get me my apron, Cleme, will you?

Clem. I declare and vow, pa, your vulgarity horrifies me. Suppose you were to go to court with an address, and be knighted, wou'd not your manners—

Allsp. Me knighted! Fiddlestick's end. When such chaps as I go to get dubb'd, if, instead of a sword, his majesty wou'd but order one of his beef eaters, to lay a stick across our shoulders, it wou'd be

be a hundred per cent the better. (*A loud knocking at the door*).

Enter ~~Servant~~ ^{Geoffrey} dressed in the absurdity of lace, large hat, &c.

Geoff. ~~Serv.~~ Maister!

Clem. Mr. sheriff, Brute!

Geoff. ~~Serv.~~ You see I bes dizen'd out in new livery, he, he!

Clem. Take off your hat, savage.

Geoff. ~~Serv.~~ I canna, miss—Man has stuckn'on so fast, he winna came off—he, he!

Allsp. Geoffrey, 'tis hard to tell whether you or I look most ridiculous.

Geoff. ~~Serv.~~ Ecod, maister, I think you have it.

Clem. Who's at the door?

Geoff. ~~Serv.~~ Wauns I forgot. It be maister Dashall fra Lunnun.

Allsp. Oh, my friend, Dashall—show him in. But let me get off these trappings—The Londoner will smoke me. (*pulls off his gown*)

Enter DASHALL.

Ah, Dashall! Glad to see you. Ecod, you look comical tho'. Why, Dick, either your head or mine must be devilishly out of fashion—

Dash. Why, friend Toby, yours is more on the grand pas to be sure. But very little head, you see, serves people of fashion. So—there's the thirty thousand pounder, I suppose. I say, Toby, who is that elegant creature?

Allsp. 'Tis my daughter. Don't you remember Cleme?

Dash. (*addressing her*) You're an angel!

Allsp. Go, Cleme, and look after the people—To day I give grand—ga ga—

Clem.

Clem. Gala, pa ! I've told you the name twenty times—

Allsp. Confound it ! Gala then.

Clem. Sir, your most devoted.

Dash. I adore you.

Clem. Oh, fir ! (*simpering*)

Dash. To distraction, damme. (*looking thro' a glass*)

Clem. I vow you confuse me in such a style.

[*Exit.*

Dash. Oh, I see that account's settled—(*looking after her*) and now for the father. Oh, how does it tell ? (*looks at Allspice, thro' a glass*).

Allsp. What, that's the knowing, is it ? (*imitating*)

Dash. To be sure. But, Toby, how did you come on at the courts ?

Allsp. Oh, capitally. I made a speech.

Dash. A speech ?

Allsp. Yes, I did. Sam Smuggle, you must know was found guilty of taking a false oath at the Custom House ; so the judge order'd me to put Sam in the pillory. " An please you, my lord judge," says I, " I'd rather not." " Why so, Mr. sheriff ?" " Because, my lord," says I, " Sam " Smuggle, no more than a month ago, paid " me 37*l.* 18*s.* 11*d.* as per ledger, and I make " it a rule never to disoblige a customer"—Then they all laughed—So you see I came off pretty well.

Dash. Capitally. But an't you tired of this sneaking retailing ?

Allsp. Oh, yes, sometimes of a Saturday—*Market day.*

Dash. 'Tis a vile paltry bore. What do you make by this raffish shop of yours ?

Allsp. Oh, a great deal. Last year 1745*l.* odd money.

Dash.

Dasb. Contemptible ! my clerk wou'd despise it. Why in a single monopoly I've touch'd ten times the sum.

Allsp. Monopoly ?

Dasb. To be sure—the way we knowing ones thrive. You remember that on sugar—a first rate thing, was it not ?—distressed the whole town—made them take the worst commodity at the best price ; netted fifteen thousand pounds by that.

Allsp. Why, I turned the penny by that myself.

Dasb. Turned the penny ! be advised by me, and you shall turn thousands,—ay, and overturn thousands.

Allsp. Shall I tho' ? but did you sell all that sugar yourself ?

Dasb. I sell ! never saw a loaf. No, my way is this—I generally take my first clerk a hunting with me ; and when the hounds are at fault, we arrange these little matters.

Allsp. How free and easy ! oh, you must be gloriously rich.

Dasb. I won't tell you my circumstances just now.

Allsp. Oh you're sly—you've your reasons.

Dasb. I have. I'm very expensivive in my women tho'

Allsp. Ah ! mothers and sisters extravagant ?

Dasb. Mothers and sisters ! no, no.—Curse me if I know how they carry on the war. Take in the flats at faro I suppose. No, I mean, the girls.

Allsp. What ! not concubines, do you ?

Dasb. To be sure. But perhaps you don't like the girls, eh ?

Allsp. Oh but I do tho'—I'll tell you a melancholy secret. Do you know that people in the country are so precise, and talk so about character, that,

that, my dear friend, in the particular you mentioned, I am a very unhappy man.

Dasb. Oh, is it there I have you? then come to town, my gay fellow, enjoy affluence and pleasure, and make a splash.

Allsp. Ecod, I should like it. Even talking about it, gives me a kind of swaggering, agreeable feel: and then the girls—the pretty profligates!

Dasb. Aye, you shall have my Harriet.

Allsp. Shall I? I'll do all I can to make her happy, yes, I will: and if she likes almonds and raisins, she shall have—

Dasb. Almonds and raisins! pearls and diamonds!

Allsp. Yes; but how am I to get them?

Dasb. You've heard of the Alley?

Allsp. Yes; but I don't understand it. Bulls and bears—

Dasb. I'll make you up to all—Cons—Rescouters, short stuff, bonus, backwardation, omnium gatherum—

Allsp. Aye; and what's being a lame duck?

Dasb. I'll shew you the way to be that too. I'll teach you the true waddle—let you into twenty good things besides. We knowing ones have form'd a most capital plan for starving the nation.

Allsp. Aye, but you forget that other knowing ones have formed a capital plan for preventing the starving of the nation.

Dasb. Still I've a resource.

Allsp. Have you? egad, you're a clever fellow.

Dasb. Come here.—If corn market don't answer, ship it coastwise—insure it—vessel leaky—strefs of weather—come to an anchor—cut out by an enemy's privateer—all settled before-hand—receive value of cargo there—touch insurance at home—do
them

them both ways—knowing scheme.—The inventors will be immortal.

Allsp. (aside) And if I had my will, they should be immortal in a week. Supply an enemy! dam'me if I do that.

Dasb. Oh, ho! bad voyage this, I must about ship.

Allsp. I love money dearly, and I love the pretty girls, but——

Dasb. And Harriet will adore you.

Allsp. Oh, do you say so? I tell you what I'll do—I'll start gallant to-day—I'll make a splash among the ladies at my—what's the name on't?

Dasb. Gala. But you must get rid of that porcupine frizzle. You must be cropt in this way.

Allsp. Bless you, I've plenty of hair under my wig.

Dasb. That's lucky (*aside*)—So—I've got him pretty tight in hand.

Allsp. You'll see how I'll ogle and swagger. Come along. Oh, Toby's the boy to tickle them.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.]

A Room in FAULKNER'S House.

Enter FAULKNER and M'QUERY.

Faulk. Does my attorney in town refuse to proceed?

M'Query. Without cash he does.

Faulk. He knows the law is with me to a certainty.

M'Query. Law and certainty! you really forget what you are talking about.

Faulk.

Faulk. Most likely : for I am mad. (*walking about*)

M^r Query. I'm sorry for you, Captain, indeed I am; tho' I'm only an attorney, I'm sorry.

Faulk. Oh, sir, don't outrage your tender nature.

Enter CAUSTIC.

Caust. Captain Faulkner, your most obedient—I call'd, sir, respecting—but you're engaged.

Faulk. Pray, sir, be seated.

Caust. My business, sir, is of so little importance either to you or myself, that (*he seems agitated*) I'll take another opportunity—good morning—I'll just take a peep into the courts, and see how Tangent comes on in the law—oh, he'll be chancellor.

Enter JULIA, followed by TANGENT, carrying the Parcel—JULIA bows to CAUSTIC, in passing.

Tang. Zounds! my uncle!

Caust. Eh! what!—yes—no—it can't be!

Faulk. Well, my dear, have you made your purchases?

Tang. Yes, sir; the real black hyson—sweet, pretty article—defies the trade to sell more cheaper than us do—ma'am (*bowing to Julia, and peeping at Caustic*) oh—he knows me.

Caust. 'Tis he, by all that's furious.

Faulk. Not quite so familiar, if you please, sir. Well recollected—I want—

Caust. And I want—patience.

Tang. We don't sell it, sir.

Caust. (*turning him round*) Oh, you incorrigible—

Tang. Ah, is it you? how do you do, uncle?—must brazen it out.

Caust. 'Sdeath, fir, what's that? (*pointing to the apron*) and what the devil are you at now?

Tang. Trade—commerce, uncle—soul of fir Thomas Gresham—thou, who in the compting-house of the gods, sittest—

Caust. Stop, stop, I say—have you forgot the woofsack?—think of the woofsack!

Tang. I do—wool is a staple commodity. Commerce, I say—

Caust. I say, law.

Tang. The theory of commerce is abstruse, and very little understood.

Caust. Why, so is law.

Tang. Commerce shews you what money will do.

Caust. So does law.

Tang. Commerce enriches the country.

Caust. So does—no, no!

Faulk. Sir, as father to this lady, I must demand an explanation of such extraordinary conduct.

Tang. With all my heart. Sir, your lovely daughter came to Allspice's shop, when—I don't recollect how—but somehow or other, I had got this apron round me—she took me for the shopman; and for the pleasure of beholding her, I became a porter, and to continue that happiness, would become (*seeing M^cQuery*)—an attorney. This is the fact: I can't tell a lie for the soul of me.

M^cQuery. Can't you? then I wou'd recommend you not to become an attorney.

Tang. Trade's the thing, uncle—understand it all—I'll snip off a yard of ribbon with e'er a six-foot haberdasher in town, return the drawer to it's place with a smack—roll up change in a bit of paper—smirk—present it with the counter-bow—an't

I perfect,

I perfect, ma'am ? (*Faulk. and Julia smile.*)

Caust. Mr. Tangent.

Faulk. Ah !

Julia. My father !

Faulk. Tangent ! damnation !

Caust. I cast you off, sir, for ever ! 'sdeath ! were you my own child, your undutiful conduct wou'd be natural and excusable. But you've no right to make me miserable—I'm not your father, and I insist—

Faulk. And I insist that my house may not be made the scene of your buffoonery.

Tang. Upon my soul, sir, I——

Faulk. And that you take leave of it, and that lady for ever.

Julia. Oh, sir, surely——

Faulk. (*frowningly*) Girl !

Caust. (*to Tangent*) There—I'm glad on't. And now, sir, you may think of the woolsock, sir, or you may snip ribbons, sir—or wrap up halfpence in whitey-brown paper, sir—I have done with you, sir—and there's the counter-bow for you, sir. Captain Faulkner, good morning. [*Exit.*]

Faulk. Confusion !

Tang. Captain Faulkner ! then I may hear of my friend. Sir, tho' your conduct to me has been harsh, I flatter myself, unmeritedly so, yet my anxiety to hear of a lost friend induces me to solicit what I should otherwise despise.

Faulk. Be brief, sir.

Tang. Charles Richmond—Charles Richmond, sir—is he no more ?

Faulk. He fell by my side.

Tang. Poor Charles ! I remember, when we were at college, we agreed, that whoever died batchelor, shou'd make the survivor his heir ; but he was too generous to be rich. Did he, sir, leave any money ?

D

Faulk.

Faulk. (*with trepidation*) Not—not—that I—know of—agony!

M^cQuery. No, not that he knows of! I'll bring you off.

Faulk. Be dumb!

Tang. No, he must have died poor; for villany itself could not wrong so noble a fellow.

Faulk. Fiends! tortures!

M^cQuery. Died poor, certainly. Do you suppose now, that if he had given any money to Mr.—

Faulk. Silence, dog!

M^cQuery. Every dog has his day! (*aside*)

Faulk. Where are you going?

M^cQuery. With Mr. Tangent.

Faulk. I'll not trust you. Dare not for your life speak to him.

M^cQuery. I suppose I may go home.

Faulk. This way then. Remember, I am no trifter. This way, I say. [*Exit with M^cQuery.*]

Tang. Madam, am I to conclude so trivial a levity could occasion Captain Faulkner's behaviour, or——

Julia. Sir, I am wholly ignorant (*sighs*). I never saw my father so before.

Tang. And may I hope, loveliest of women, that the sentiments of that tender bosom——

Julia. Sir, the sentiment that governs here, is implicit obedience to a father's will. He is returning. Pray leave me.

Tang. May I not hope, miss Faulkner, that——

Julia. I beg, sir——

Tang. Only——farewel!

[*Exit.*]

Julia. How eccentric, yet how interesting! what can my father mean?

Re-enter

Re-enter FAULKNER, with caution.

Faulk. Is he gone? thank heaven!

Julia. Pray, sir, has Mr. Tangent——

Faulk. Do you combine to torture?——

Julia. Oh, my father, kill me, but do not frown on me.

Faulk. Kill thee, Julia.—Oh, I'm to blame.—But my mind is in agony.

Julia. May I not share it? may I not alleviate it?

Faulk. No, no.—We must leave this town to-day.

Julia. Sir!

Faulk. Thy father, Julia, is a beggar.

Julia. Ah!

Faulk. Worse—He has contracted debts he cannot discharge, and must, like a rascal, fly.

Julia. Bear up, my heart!

Faulk. Nay, worse—Thy father is—But why should I agonize her more?

Julia. Oh, don't despair.—We shall do very well. I can work, indeed I can—I am a strong girl—*(faints.)*

Faulk. Revive, my child!—I shelter'd thee from misery while it was possible.

Julia. Is what your ancestors left you, lost, all lost?

Faulk. Yes, Julia, all—*(aside)* for they left me honour.—But we must fly.

Julia. Whither, my father?

Faulk. Any where, to avoid——

Julia. Mr. Tangent?

Faulk. I charge thee name him not.—Go in.

Julia. Oh, my father, do not leave me—I dread being alone.

Faulk. I will but ruminate awhile, then come to thee.

Julia. But presently?

Faulk. Aye, aye.

Julia. But, very soon?

Faulk. Yes, my child:—go in. [*Exit Julia.*]

Well, I lied it stoutly—the veriest rascal, that eats the bread of perjury, could not have lied it with more unblushing boldness. Where shall I fly? the poor honest man, e'en in this knavish world, has some few friends, the rich villain more; but the poor rascal—Ha! first a thief, and then a liar—what follows? some devil whispers, a self-murderer. But oh! can I leave my girl to poverty, to scorn, to dishonour?—No, no! we part not. What remains?—To go to Tangent—crawl in the dust, and be spurn'd by him!—rot and damn first!—despair then is only left: for the world's palliations, as degrees of guilt—the law of necessity will not give comfort here. No, to the truly proud, the first step from honour is perdition.

Enter JULIA.

Julia. My father! you said you'd come to me—don't be angry. Oh, do you smile on me? then Julia cannot be unhappy (*embraces Faulkner*). You frown'd just now—'twas the first time: indeed it cut my heart. Come, sir, be chearful; for poverty cannot chill the conscious glow of virtue, nor dim the celestial radiance of honour.

Faulk. Oh!

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Room in M'QUERY'S House.

Enter M'QUERY and ~~SERVANT~~ JARVIS.

Servant.

Lady Sorrel to wait upon you.

M'Query. Desire lady Sorrel to walk in.

[Exit servant, and re-enter with lady Sorrel.]
Your most obsequious, my lady. How am I to have the honour of serving you? Is it your will I'm to make?

Lady Sor. My will, sir!

M'Query. Oh what a blunder! Because ladies often make their wills, when they shou'd be making their marriage articles.

Lady Sor. You gentleman of the long robe flatter.

M'Query. You flatter, my lady! I of the long robe! No, I'm only, as I may say, a mere spencer of the law—Oh, how I love female clients! They are so easily pleas'd—*(aside)* and so easily imposed on.

Lady Sor. You are too polite. But that is the characteristic of Ireland—I've been there: and had I remained, it is a country I shou'd have been transported with.

M'Query. (aside) And had I remained there, it

is a country I shou'd have been transported from.

Lady Sor. Mr. Tangent, who possesses many amiable qualities—in my approbation of men, sir, I always use discernment.

M^cQuery. Oh you do—(*aside*) For you always approve of young ones.

Lady Sor. He has fallen in love with a miss Faulkner, whose father is, I hear, poor and proud, Pray, sir, do you know any thing about him ?

M^cQuery. A little : and one thing I know, is, that he owes me fifty pounds and has not a shilling to pay me.

Lady Sor. Indeed ! If any thing could prevent Tangent's attachment to the lady (a little witch) it would certainly be for their good.—Does it strike you how you cou'd be of service to this captain and his fair daughter ?

M^cQuery. Not at all.

Lady Sor. What do you think of sending them to—to——jail ?

M^cQuery. Jail ! (*aside*) Faith, that's one way of being of service. Why, it's a good place for them to recollect themselves in.

Lady Sor. And would prevent Tangent's seeing her.

M^cQuery. And bring down the pride of the father.

Lady Sor. And, as they are poor, wou'd contract their expences.

M^cQuery. Apartment found them for nothing there, you know.

Lady Sor. Well, then, as captain Faulkner owes you money, suppose you were to arrest ——

M^cQuery. Oh I can't—I can't in honour, because (*aside*) I shou'd get nothing by it. Here is his bond. Now, many people take fancies to bonds—for my part, I'd just as soon have ready money
—It's

It's a mighty pretty bond; and if you'd purchase it, I'll send him to jail with all the pleasure in life; for then, you know, I'm only an attorney in the business; and 'tis no matter what I do.

Lady Sor. (aside) How fortunate! Now I shall be revenged. Very well. Assign it to me; and, as we agree it will be for their good, you may as well arrest—

M^cQuery. Yes; I'll give the captain a wholesome tap on the shoulder. In the next room is parchment, pen, and ink.

Lady Sor. I am going to Allspice's gala. I suppose you will be there to pay your court to the barristers?

M^cQuery. No; I go there to have the barristers pay court to me. You'll see the young ones crowd about me, like a plate full of potatoes round a butter-boat, and try to wheedle me out of a light half guinea. Oh, miss Faulkner is no more to be compared to you, madam, than a little twinkling star is to the full moon.

Lady Sor. Ah, sir, flattery is another characteristic of your country.

M^cQuery. My words exactly express my meaning, my lady; and that's another characteristic of my country. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A spacious suite of Rooms, brilliantly illuminated,—music playing—card tables, &c.

Enter CLEMENTINA.

Clem. What a horrid, capricious, old wretch that Mr. Caustic is! Just now, when, to humour him, I praised his nephew, he insisted I should not

name him. Well, I vow I'm glad of that; for Mr. Dashall is far more tonish. I observed him to-day, with his hands in his pockets, elbowing every body, treading on the ladies' toes, and, without any apology, tearing their dresses in such a style—

Enter DASHALL (looking round).

Dash. A gay thing, ma'am, faith—all elegance—

Clem. Except pa. Oh, sir, did you hear him at dinner? He rose up—(all the company were silent, expecting a complimentary address) and roars out, “Ladies and gentlemen pray don't spare the pickles, for there are plenty in the shop.” Oh, I blushed in such a style.

Dash. Ha, ha! Upon my soul—and all that—you're a fine creature! and interest my feelings more than any event, since Waxy, the race-horse, won the Derby.

Clem. How flattering! How elegant! will you love me, sir?

Dash. May virtue seize me, if, when we're married, I don't adore you!

Clem. Adore me!

Dash. Yes; that is, fashionably.

Clem. Certainly.

Dash. You would not have us found together like debtor and creditor in your father's ledger, or stuck together like his figs.

Clem. Oh! shocking!

Dash. No; ours shall be a stylish adoration—separate beds—you making a dash with your friend in one curricule; I making a splash with mine in another. You at Bath—I at Newmarket—

Clem. Oh charming! Hail, connubial love! Oh, here comes Mr. Caustic.

Dash.

Dasb. Then you shall see me *boax* him.

Clem. Oh no. It is he that has the disposal of my aunt's fortune.

Dasb. Oh, that's the reason that all the women were paying court to him. I swear, he look'd like the grand signior with a seraglio at his heels.

Clem. But it all won't do. I am the favoured sultana.

At the top of the stage, enter CAUSTIC bowing to a number of ladies about him, who pass off.

Caust. Ma'am, your most obedient—mifs, your devoted. Good-day, madam—oh, mifs, happy to see you (*coming forward*). Oh my back! my back! I must go home, ha, ha! But I can't help laughing at the absurd adulation paid me. I who was yesterday a sour curmudgeon, am to-day the monopolizer of all human excellence. Oh my poor back! Oh world! world!

Clem. How do you do, sir?

Caust. (*bows*) Your most obedient.

Clem. I hope, sir, you approve of our music and gala.

Caust. To say the truth, madam, I prefer'd my own.

Clem. Your own, I vow! Pray when did you give a gala, Mr. Caustic?

Caust. In the last frost, madam, to two hundred paupers and their helpless families—and we had our dancing too, ma'am: for the little chubby brats in merry anticks gambol'd round my knees: and we had music too, madam; for the widows sung for joy.

Clem. Oh charming!

Dasb. Damn'd fine indeed! I think with you certainly, sir, that—what the devil is the word? Benevolence, is it not?

Clem.

Clem. Yes, there is such a word—

Dasb. Aye—benevolence, virtue, and all that, are at times extremely amusing.

Caust. Amusing! sir, virtue is the business of our lives; all else is its idleness.

Clem. I vow, sir, I was shocked to see you so teized by the fulsome attentions of the women. Flattery is not the way to secure the approbation of a man—

Dasb. Of your fine feelings and understanding.

Caust. It is not indeed! (*aside*) Madam, Mr. Allspice wants you.

Dasb. Favour me with your hand.

Clem. Sir, your devoted. Ah, what worlds of feeling!

Dasb. What oceans of sense! (*apart*) I fancy we've tickled him in a capital style.

Clem. Very neatly, too! ha, ha!

[*Exeunt smiling and nodding approbation to each other.*]

Caust. These excite but laughter and contempt; but my vexatious nephew's tormenting.—But this I'm resolved on,—if ever again he dare to—

Enter TANGENT not observing CAUSTIC.

Tang. Julia Faulkner! Julia Faulkner! By heaven, her beauty might set the world at war, and make another siege of Troy: and oh! were I general at that siege, I'd build castles—

Caust. Aye, that you wou'd!

Tang. 'Sdeath! What shou'd oppose me? Sword in hand I'd storm the breach—(*pushing between two chairs*) I'd fire the palace, pull down the gates—(*snatches up a chair*) and rush into her arms, (*is near embracing Caustic*)—ah, uncle, is it you?

Caust. Keep off! How dare you approach me, you—are you not a pretty fellow?

Tang.

Tang. So the ladies say, sir.

Caust. And a fool?

Tang. So I say, sir.

Caust. And a libertine?

Tang. So you say, sir.

Caust. And what do you say for yourself?—A profess'd libertine?

Tang. Sir, I say that I practise what I profess; which is more than you moralists can say.

Caust. Psha! and the world says you're a coxcomb.

Tang. Damn the world then for making me one. How the devil can I help being a coxcomb, when I see a flattering fool like myself idolized, and modest worth despised? Uncle, the temple of Folly wou'd soon be without votaries, had it not the world for its worshippers.

Caust. But zounds! did the world clap you on the woolsack? did the world put you on an apron, or desire you to make another siege of Troy?

Tang. Upon my soul, I'm ashamed of myself; but by future perseverance and diligence, I'll atone for my follies. Come, uncle, forgive the past—shake hands.

Caust. No—well—there—aye, Frank, persevere, and you may soon convert your air-built castle into a solid one of brick and mortar.

Tang. True; then every one will say, his character does not rest on the flimsy basis of hereditary worth, but on the noble exertion of talent.

Caust. That's well said.

Tang. Then I with conscious dignity will walk thro' my hall—my servants ranged on each side—I bend to them with ease, call my agent, and say to him, distribute an hundred pounds to—

Caust. Death and fury, you're at it again!

Tang. No, no—that was only—

Caust.

Caust. What will drive me mad. 'Sdeath ! what is talent without the will and means to exert it ? 'Tis Newton without his telescope, or Handel without his organ.—Remember, this is your last, last warning ! *[Exit.]*

Tang. He's certainly right. That Handel was a great man ; and tho' bereft of one sense, how amply was another gratified ! For what can strike more gratefully on the heart, then hearing the honourable applause of an impartial public ?

Enter CAUSTIC.

Caust. I'll just take a peep, and see the effect my lecture has had.

Tang. Tho' Handel was blind, how I envy him his sensations, when, seated before an enraptured audience, he thus began, and charmed all hearts—*(shuts his eyes and plays on the table)* Oh, charming ! bravo !

Caust. *(striking the table with his stick)* You villain ! if ever I speak to you again, may I—I discard you for ever—for ever—and for ever ! *[Exit.]*

Tang. Oh, confound this crack'd head ! What a scrape have I got into.

Enter CLEMENTINA.

Clem. Mr. Tangent !

Tang. So, here's the wife he intends for me. Marry her, and doat on Julia. Sweet situation mine wou'd be ! I can very well fancy myself—

Clem. Brute ! sir, my pa wishes to speak—

Tang. I'll come to your pa. *(ruminating, and not looking at her)* No, Julia, I'll be only thine—I'll come to your pa.

Clem. This way, sir.

Tang. *(rising and following)* I'll come to your pa—

pa—I'll be only thine, my Julia—I'll come to your pa—(*follows Clementina to one side of the stage, and walks out absorb'd in thought at the opposite side*).

Clem. Gone! Well, this is certainly beyond all the fine breeding I ever saw—Miss Faulkner?

Enter JULIA, in great agitation, her hair disorder'd.

Julia. Oh, madam, forgive this intrusion—you told me you had a friendship for me. Oh, show it now! my father is arrested—in a dreadful situation. (*kneeling*.)

Clem. So are you, my dear, in a dreadful situation. Never kneel in a public room.

Julia. (*rises*) Madam, I said my dear father,—the beloved author of my being is in a prison.

Clem. Well?

Julia. Well! we're ruined, madam.

Clem. That's certainly extremely disagreeable.

Julia. What shall I do?

Clem. Oh, my dear, don't mind it—arrested! Nothing can be more fashionable. I dare say all will be well. Good bye! I'm sorry I can't assist you; but the guinea loo-table waits for me. Pray come and see me when your affairs are settled. Good bye, my dear! Good bye! Good bye!

[*Exit.*]

Julia. This, in prosperity was my warmest friend. Alas! such friends are as the leaves that clothe the tree in the genial summer, but leave it naked to the winter's blast. Whither shall I go? Heavens! Mr. Tangent!

Enter TANGENT (musing).

Sir—hold! did not my father forbid my speaking to him? But is not that father in want?

Tang. Married to a woman I dislike. (*sits.*)

Julia. Married ! Oh, my heart ! *Julia*, this is no time for thy sorrows.

Tang. 'Sdeath ! if I'm miserable what signifies my having thousands in my pockets ?—

Julia. How fortunate !

Tang. Marry for thirty thousand ! Psha : (*takes box*) With descent luck I'd win it in ten minutes.—Did you say, sir, you'd set me 500*l.*—done ! Seven's the main, and six I have—off in two throws a thousand—done—six it is ! Bravo ! Come, gentlemen, a thousand each if you please.

Julia. Mr. Tangent, I want—

Tang. Double or quit ? you shall have it (*turning round*)—Heavens ! miss Faulkner ! damn this head of mine—it's in such a whirl.

Julia. Oh, sir, pity and relieve !

Enter DASHALL at the back scene.

Tang. Madam !

Dash. What's here ? fine girl, faith !

Julia. I know my behaviour is wild, is imprudent ; but my excuse is, a father in prison and broken hearted—save but him.—For myself I care not.

Tang. By heaven she puts herself in my power, and what an exquisite temptation ! here's an opportunity to establish my character as a man of gallantry ! hold ! here's an opportunity to establish my reputation as a man of honour. The father of my love in prison, and I without change for sixpence—I'll go this instant and borrow money at 500 per cent.—I'll—

Julia. I'm sure you'll relieve me—I'm sure you have a generous heart. The debt is but fifty pounds. I heard you say you had thousands in your pocket.

Tang. Yes, yes, ma'am, I said—that—I—that is I—Oh ! curse this crack'd head ! but I'll get the money

money instantly. Miss Faulkner, it is with shame and confusion I declare, that at this moment it is not in my power to be of the least assistance. [*Exit.*]

Julia. Is it possible? is this the man to whom I've given my heart?—'tis too much (*is near fainting, when Dasball runs to her assistance*)—ah! a stranger!

Dasb. Don't be alarmed, young lady—(*aside*) I see I must give her a touch of the sober citizen. Madam, I heard your distress; I am inquisitive after sorrow—I possess a large fortune, 'tis true; but only in trust for the worthy who want it. A sober, plodding citizen, as you see, plain in my manners, plainer in my dress—despise powder and embroidery—a mere London merchant!

Julia. The world knows their benevolence.

Dasb. Pretty well. But you must not suppose all London merchants like me.

Julia. Will you, sir—will you, then, save my father? I can't express what I feel.

Dasb. (*aside*) That's very odd! when I can so well express what I do not feel. Madam, I will do it.

Julia. Then, sir, I'll expect you at the prison where my father is.

Dasb. No, no!—I can't tell you why; but I have a strange antipathy to prisons. But in two hours time at the gate of it, if you please.

Julia. Sir, I'll bless you.

Dasb. (*aside*) Upon my soul I mean it. Now I suppose I shou'd say gallant things, but I cannot. Suffice it, I will be there.

Julia. Farewell!—happy, happy Julia!

Dasb. I will be there ready— [*Exit Julia.*]
with a post-chaise and four to carry you off, my nice one—then chevy, away for the next town—
—confine her—swear she's a runaway wife—return
—marry

—marry miss Allspice—do old Toby out of the ready. Ha, ha! here he comes—what a gig it is!

Enter ALLSPICE, his hair cropt, a full-dress coat on, singing—“Lovely Nymph, assuage my anguish.”

Allsp. Well, here I am—as gay a dasher as the best of you—snug about the head, eh?

Dash. But what a quiz of a coat you’ve on!

Allsp. Don’t you like it? it was my grandfather’s.

Dash. Your dinner was stylish, faith.

Allsp. Very; but it had one little fault. There was nothing to eat—grottoes, trees, fountains, sweetmeat shepherdesses, and buttered Cupids in plenty,—nothing else. I shou’d have been half starved, had I not luckily looked over my shoulder, and there beheld my old friend, the honoured sirloin, on the sideboard—I could have cried to see him so disgraced; but I order’d him to be conducted to the top of the table, and the music to strike up “Oh the Roast Beef of Old England!” and, then, how I ogled the girls, and how they titter’d at me! women give a man’s ideas so elegant a turn. I’m as much above what I was, as a hogthead is to a butter firkin.

Dash. Butter firkin! curse it, and sink it, Toby, talk like a gentleman. But, I say, you seem a little damaged.

Allsp. Yes; funny an’t I? I got hold of a little bottle such as they put ketchup in—by the bye I can sell you some very fine ketchup, if you want any—It was devilish good, yoyeo they call it.

Dash. Yoyeo! psha! noyau.

Allsp. Well, well, noyau. Egad, when I found it cost a guinea, and that I was to pay for it—I drank it all every drop.

Dash.

Dasb. A guinea! bagatelle! I'll put you in a way to drink it every day.

Allsp. How, my dear friend?

Dasb. I've had a letter from my clerk.

Allsp. Your hunting clerk?

Dasb. Yes; he has a scheme of buying up furs, by which 100 per cent. must be made in a month.—A trifle—five thousand—will do; but at present my cash is here and there. Indeed at this moment I can't exactly tell you where it is. But if you should like it——

Allsp. You would not have me lay out five thousand pounds in muffs and tippets, would you?

Dasb. Five thousand! I've speculated deeper in darning needles.—But you have not the cash?

Allsp. Yes but I have tho'—that sum in the house too—I intended to buy with it half an estate valued at ten thousand pounds.

Dasb. Then defer the purchase one month, and I'll engage you shall buy the whole.

Allsp. Oh charming! ah, but should it fail—

Dasb. But it can't fail—if it do, then blame me.

Allsp. That's enough.

Dasb. All you will have to do, will be to come to town in a month, and hug your ten thousand pounds, as sure as the sweet Harriet will hug you.

Allsp. Oh the pretty one! That has fixed me. When the company is gone, I'll give you bank notes to the amount:—and tell your hunting clerk if he'll make the five thousand ten, I'll give him a guinea. Oh, what a rich, jolly dog I shall be! let's go and have another touch at the little bottle.—another guinea's worth—damn the expence! and drink confusion to retailing, and Harriet's health in a bumper! “Lovely Nymph,” &c. [*Exit singing.*]

E

Dasb.

Dash. If this isn't doing it, the devil's in it, ha, ha ! I've bother'd the daughter, and tickled old Caustic in a capital style,—that's a dead thirty thousand.—Humbugg'd the old one here out of five, and shall carry off the nice girl to a certainty. What a splash I shall make along Cheapside ! what a swagger I shall cut at Lloyd's ! how the city bucks will stare, and, may be, dress at me. And then we shall have Birmingham Dashalls as well as Birmingham Dukes. Oh, I'm a neat article !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

M'QUERY'S OFFICE.

Enter M'QUERY and TANGENT.

Tang. Come, come, the money—quick !

M'Query. You'll pay devilish dear for it.

Tang. 'Sdeath ! that's my affair.

M'Query. You must give your bond for five hundred pounds.

Tang. What cash am I to touch ?

M'Query. Two. I can't afford more on my honour.

Tang. Your honour !

M'Query. My honour ? yes, honour is the conservation of society—(Oh, I wish I cou'd recollect Captain Faulkner's flashy speech)—Honour ! is—upon my soul I can't tell what honour is.

Tang. I believe you. But you mention'd Captain Faulkner's name.

M'Query. Yes. Oh, I could sell you a nice secret about him.

Tang. (*anxiously*) Tell me a secret, did you say ?

M'Query.

M^cQuery. No—I said, *sell* you a secret.

Tang. Well, I am a buyer—any thing respecting him is interesting.

M^cQuery. And you may get a thousand pounds by it.

Tang. Make your own terms.

M^cQuery. Faulkner has humm'd you out of that sum.

Tang. Impossible!

M^cQuery. Your friend, Charles Richmond, left it to you, and the old sly thief *smushed* it. He told a palavering story about distresses, and his dear daughter, and his wife's funeral, and a parcel of balderdash.

Tang. (*aside*) Poor Faulkner! my heart bleeds for him. This explains his behaviour.

M^cQuery. Then he has had a law-suit; but he's nonsuited, as this letter will shew you (*gives Tangent a letter.*)

Tang. Come, sir, draw the bond. (*looks at the letter*)—What's this? (*reads*) “I remit you your share of the bribe for the error in Faulkner's declaration;—have also received, under his power of attorney, two thousand pounds prize money.” Scoundrels! “Which is much better in our hands than his.—The more we distress him, the less danger there is of detection.”

M^cQuery. (*writing*) You see by that letter how things are, and what care I've taken of the Captain's property.

Tang. I'll put this in my pocket and read it at leisure.

M^cQuery. No, no—I'm always for vouchers—that letter shou'd not be lost.

Tang. There I agree with you. Eh, I have it—(*Tears off the half sheet with the contents of the letter, from the half sheet that contains the address, wraps*

that up, and gives it to M^cQuery.) So—there's the letter.

M^cQuery. Let me see (*looking at it*)—Now—that's as it should be (*putting it in his pocket*).

Tang. Exactly—Is the bond ready?

M^cQuery. Aye, sign away.

Tang. (*signing the bond*) But we have no witness.

M^cQuery. Oh! I've a clerk will set his hand to it at any time.—That Faulkner's a pretty fellow, isn't he? To be sure, the coolness with which some people take other's property is amazing (*taking up the bond*)—In two hours' time you shall have the two hundred pounds.

Tang. Very well; I must go, and tickle my old uncle, and then away to relieve poor Faulkner.

M^cQuery. You've got the money very dear.

Tang. 'Tis false. The sensation I feel at this moment is cheap at ten times the sum. [*Exit.*]

M^cQuery. Rather a neat morning's work.

Enter CAUSTIC.

Caust. Where's Mr. Tangent?

M^cQuery. This moment gone.

Caust. I hear the fool's in love with a miss Faulkner,—a female fortune-hunter, I suppose. Aye, like her sex—sharp as a razor.—You've found them so, I dare say.

M^cQuery. Oh yes; and, like a razor, I've found strapping a mighty good thing for them.

Caust. And does he think I'll forgive this?

M^cQuery. He does. He says he'll tickle you.

Caust. Tickle me, will he? we'll see that. Except in the article of money; there, indeed, he has reformed. Thank heaven, he don't borrow thousands of you now.

M^cQuery. No—he only borrows five hundreds.

Caust. Eh! what do you mean?

M^cQuery.

M^r Query. There's his bond, you see.

Caust. I'm petrified!

M^r Query. I'll sell it you.

Caust. Sell it me! he owes me thousands—a profligate! I shall be ruined—a beggar! but I'll humble him. He knows the way to tickle me, you know—now we'll see—arrest him—I'll shew him I can tickle him—I order you, sir, to arrest him.

M^r Query. With all my heart and soul.—You will make the affidavit, and I will touch him up with a bit of a capias.

Caust. Aye, a capias. I'll humble him.

M^r Query. Then follow that up with a fi—fa.

Caust. Aye, a fi—fa.

M^r Query. If that won't do, tip him a ca—sa.

Caust. Aye, tip him a ca—sa. He can tickle me, can he? a profligate! come along! [*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

*A Street.**Enter DASHALL and POSTILLION.**Post.* The chaise is ready, your honour.*Dash.* Capital horses, eh?*Post.* Like myself—blood every inch.*Dash.* Snug, you dog.*Post.* Oh, as sharp as my spurs. *[Exit.**Dash.* How surprised the girl will be, ha, ha! curse me if I can help laughing to think how she'll cry, ha, ha!*Enter NED and another.*

Bailiffs, by all that's—

Ned. Ah, master Dashall, how are you?*Dash.* *(keeping at a considerable distance)* How do you do, Ned? how do you do?*Ned.* You need not be afraid.*Dash.* *(still keeping off)* Afraid! no to be sure. I know that.*Ned.* We don't want you.*Dash.* *(hesitating)* Eh, don't you tho'?*Ned.* Honour!*Dash.* Oh, honour *(coming up and shaking hands)*.*Ned.* Honour among thieves.*Dash.* By the Lord you frighten'd me.*Ned.* We are not bailiffs now—we're in the mad line.*Dash.*

Dash. Mad line!

Ned. We belong to Dr. Coercion, and are come after a patient that has escaped—a mad lawyer.

Dash. Mad lawyer! I always thought it was the client who was out of his senses. Well, good-bye, Ned. 'Sdeath! here comes Tangent, perhaps to relieve Faulkner: and then I lose the girl—Eh, it would be knowing, he, he! here goes! so, Ned, you're come here after a mad lawyer.—Do you know his person?

Ned. No.

Dash. I do, intimately; and, by heaven, here he comes! that's he—don't he look as if he was mad?

Ned. Oh, a clear case—now, this is so kind of you.

Dash. You'll take care of the poor fellow—ecod, Ned, you frighten'd me. Be sure now you take care of the poor devil, ha, ha!

[*Exit laughing apart.*]

Ned. Tom, mind your hits.

Enter TANGENT.

Tang. Now to poor Faulkner's prison, and restore happiness to my Julia!—Julia! if I don't watch this addle-head of mine, I shall certainly go mad. There's something sublime in madness! rolling eye—dungeons—straw—chains—

Ned. Come, come, that will do—a pretty dance you've led us.

Tang. Who are you, and what do you want with me?

Ned. Tom, have you a strait waistcoat in your pocket?

Tang. Strait waistcoat! what are you going to do?

Ned. Take you back to the mad doctor's.

Tang. Be quiet, you scoundrels!

~~Harry~~ ^{2.}
Enter SERVANT to CAUSTIC, and BAILIFFS.

~~Har~~ ~~Serv.~~ That's he you are to arrest. Touch him.

Tang. Oh, here's Caustic's servant. Come here, sir—am I mad, sir?

~~Har~~ ~~Serv.~~ Mad, sir? no, sir,

Tang. Tell these rascals who I am.

~~Har~~ ~~Serv.~~ Oh, this is Mr. Tangent.

Tang. Ave, Frank Tangent's my name, is not it? *(to the bailiff.)*

Bailiff. That it is.

Tang. You're an honest fellow!

Bailiff. Then you shall go with an honest fellow
—*(shewing the writ.)*

Tang. A writ! oh! the devil! worse and worse! at whole suit?

Bailiff. Mr. Caustic's.

Tang. Pretty way I'm in! arrested at this moment! what shall I do?

Bailiff. Pay a visit to my lock-up house.

Tang. I can't—'pon my honour I'm engaged—eh, I believe I'd better be mad *(to Caustic's servant)* ah! kneel down before your father and mother.

~~Har~~, ~~Serv.~~ Where are they?

Tang. I'm your father and mother. I'm father and mother of all the judges—vanity's father and mother of all the counsellors—the devil's father and mother of all the bailiffs.

~~Har~~, ~~Serv.~~ He's mad.

Bailiff. Fudge! that's not madness.

Tang. I am mad, you scoundrel.

Ned. I say he is mad.

Bailiff. I say he an't mad. *(they struggle for him.)*

Tang. I'll be off—ha! I spy a brother. *[Exit. Bailiff.]*

Bailiff. Mad or not, we must not lose him : so, come along.

Ned. Aye, aye ; we must have him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CAUSTIC.

Caust. By this time he's safe. I think I've given him a tickler. (*noise*) What ! he resists, does he ?

(*Re-enter a servant*) Well, sir, have they got him ?

Har. ~~Serv.~~ Yes, sir : but he fought them nobly ; then I came up.

Caust. And secured the rascal ?

Har. ~~Serv.~~ No, your honour : I don't know how it was ; but seeing three upon him, ecod, I cou'dn't help, somehow, fighting on his side ; so I knock'd one down, and he killed another.

Caust. What do you say ? killed a man !

Har. ~~Serv.~~ There he lies, bleeding like a pig.

Caust. Has my poor Frank been so rash ? I hope he escaped.

Har. ~~Serv.~~ No ; they got hold of him.

Caust. I'm a miserable man—This is all my fault.

Enter BAILIFF.

Is the man dead ? oh, my poor boy !

Bailiff. No, your honour ; the cowardly chap swooned at the sight of his blood.

Caust. Then the rascal has not killed him, eh ?

Bailiff. A guinea and a plaister will set all right.

Caust. Will it ? he kill a man ! what an old fool I was ! hold, I have it. Let the man be conveyed to my house—give out his life's in danger. I'll have him taken up for a murderer : I'll lay him with the dust. Away with him to prison—I'll be so revenged ! and, d'ye hear ? put irons on him ; (*going*) but don't starve him—give him bread and water, (*going*) and, d'ye hear, give him straw—give him plenty of straw. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

INSIDE OF A PRISON.

FAULKNER *discovered, JULIA leaning on him.—A noise without of chains falling. JULIA starts.*

Faulk. Be not alarmed. These noises, Julia, we shall be accustom'd to.

Julia. I hope not, my father. It is the hour I promised to be at the prison gate: (*Faulkner shakes his head.*) The gentleman seemed a man of honour.

Faulk. And, perhaps, is called so. Ah, girl, the trickery of this knavish world makes a wide difference between honour to woman and to man. The wretch that robs the father of his child, let him but at a gaming table keep his word with man, and he's of honour. Nay, shou'd this wretch, in aggravation, meet that wrong'd father in the field, and lay him at his feet a corpse, then, who dare deny that he's a man of honour?

Julia. But he's a merchant, sir—a rank of men whose nobleness and benevolence are far above my praise.

Faulk. True; let me not by vague suspicion wrong a worthy man. Go then, my child, but only to the gate; and mark, return with speed.

Julia. Shall I not fly, when 'tis to bring a father happiness? [*Exit.*]

Faulk. And shou'd it not be so, oh Faulkner, what horrors will be thine! when, in addition to thy wounded pride, thou hearest thy child ask thee for bread thou can't not give her, see'st her pine daily at thy feet and perish; or, what is worse, should the agony which rends this heart, draw on thee

thee a speedier dissolution, and she be left behind, exposed to want, to villany—that shall be prevented! yet I'll cling to hope—perhaps all may be well again—(*Julia screams without*) ah! she shrieks! It is my Julia's voice. Villain, forbear! hear a father's cries, or take a father's curse. Blast him, heaven, with thy hottest vengeance! all, all is hushed—she's gone! my child is lost, is dishonoured—dishonoured! no, I wrong her—my girl will die—(*a noise again*) It approaches—be faithfull, eyes! (*door opens.*)

Enter JAILER and TANGENT, he bearing JULIA in his arms.

My Julia! oh give her to my arms!

Tang. Captain Faulkner, after what has passed, some excuse is due for this intrusion. There, sir, is my apology,

Faulk. She revives!

Julia. Where am I? my father! my deliverer!

Jailer. Aye, that he is—As this gentleman was coming to jail——

Tang. Hush! (*stopping his mouth*) Passing this place, sir, I heard a woman shriek, and saw some villains hurry this lady into a chaise——

Jailer. Then he bravely flew among them, and laid about him, and——

Tang. The conquest was easy, for the rascals fled.

Faulk. Saved by the man I've so deeply wrong'd! His presence tortures me. Sir, I thank you.

Tang. Captain Faulkner, a word in private.

Faulk. Ah! am I detected?

Tang. I've been with your attorney, sir.

Faulk. Racks! tortures!

Tang. And have discovered an infernal act of villany,

Faulk.

Faulk. Well then it is discovered.—Madness! fiends! I wou'd be alone.

Tang. You mistake.

Faulk. I insist on being alone.

George
Enter SERVANT to TANGENT.

Serv. A message from your attorney, sir.

Tang. 'Tis well—Captain Faulkner, you will be sorry for this behaviour. [*Exit with Jailer.*]

Faulk. My brain rocks! ah, my child, do I hold thee in a parent's grasp, pure, unpolluted? Julia, we part no more—never—never! 'tis time to tell thee thy father is a villain.

Julia. Impossible! perhaps your too keen sense of honour interprets harshly.

Faulk. No, no. E'en now the man I wrong'd gave it its substantial title—an infernal act of villainy.—Horror accumulates.—On one side, dishonour; on the other, famine. Julia! (*taking both her hands, and looking on her*) tho' dreadful, it must be so.

Julia. Your words and looks terrify me.

Faulk. In this world we can cherish no hope of happiness.

Julia. But in the next, my father—

Faulk. True, girl; then the sooner we are there the better.

Julia. Sir!

Faulk. 'Tis in our power, Julia, to expedite our happiness.

Julia. What means my father?

Faulk. Now, heart-strings, hold awhile! collect the exalted resolution of thy soul, and mark. Out of the wreck of fortune, I have preserved something, my child, to free us from poverty, from dishonour, and to give us everlasting peace.

Julia. Blest tidings!

Faulk.

Faulk. Behold! (*taking from each pocket a pistol, and presenting one to Julia.*)

Julia. Horror!

Faulk. Ha! hast thou not by miracle escaped dishonour? and is not thus to live, to meet perdition?

Julia. Is not thus to die, to meet perdition?

Faulk. It is too late for thought. Here—Ah, dost thou shrink?

Julia. Suicide! my soul sickens at the thought.

Faulk. Then live, base girl, and see thy father die. Live till scorn shall point at thee, and, mocking, cry, “behold the violated daughter of “the villain Faulkner!”

Julia. There’s madness in the thought—give me the deathful instrument. (*seizes the pistol.*)

Faulk. Hold! oh let me kiss thee—(*a knocking at the door*) we’re interrupted—(*knocking repeated*, go to the door (*Julia goes to the door, returns with a letter, opens it, shrieks, and runs into her father’s arms.*)

What means this frantic joy? bank notes! a letter! ah, from Tangent—(*reads*) “While I in-
“treat you will do me the honour of employing
“these notes, it gives me great pleasure to inclose
“you a letter, which at once exposes the villany of
“your agents, and restores you to prosperity and
“happiness”—(*looks over the letter, then falls on his knee*) omnipotent providence! humbled with the
dust, behold a repentant wretch! but thou art slow
to punish, and thy mercies are infinite. Here, too,
let me ask pardon—my child!—But where is thy
deliverer, the preserver of thy honour, thy life?
Within—Has Mr. Tangent left the prison?

Enter JAILER.

Jailer. Oh, no, sir.—Then they don’t know that
he’s a prisoner. (*aside.*)

[*Exit.*
Faulk.

Faulk. Then fly to him, my child! He is the legitimate son of honour, I the base born slave of pride. Bring him to me, that I may kneel and bless him.

Julia. My father—I'm dizzy with my happiness. One kiss of rapture, and I am gone.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Prison.

Enter JAILER, followed by TANGENT, (setter'd) a Solicitor and Undertaker.

Jailer. Oh, how they become him! I'm sure your leg was made for them. I'll be hanged if I flatter you.

Tang. (sighs) Indeed you do not. Certainly, a very neat appendage to a gentleman—heigho!

Jailer. I declare it gives me pleasure to see you in them.

Tang. You have all the pleasure to yourself. Heigho! I feel devilish queer. Retire!

Jailer. A card from the gentlemen of our club.

[*Exit.*]

Tang. Your club! (*reads*) "The gentlemen prisoners inform Mr. Tangent they have elected him a member of the select club, and solicit the honour of his company to a turbot, haunch, claret, and chicken hazard.—The club, to prevent accidents, meet on Sunday, Monday being hanging-day." Hanging-day!—'tis alarming, very,—what do you want?—

Solicitor. I'm a Newgate solicitor; and for 50*l.* will undertake to prevent gibbeting at least.

Tang. Gibbeting! Begone, you croaking—
(*drives*)

(drives him off.) And what will you undertake?

Undertaker. Sir, I'm an undertaker; and if you are not engaged, wou'd be proud to inter—

Tang. Go to the devil! *(drives him off.)* Leave the room, you infernal—Gibbet! Undertaker!—Heigho!—Pugh! I can't have kill'd the fellow—his scull must have been thinner than mine, to crack with such a paltry blow.—How has my letter sped with Faulkner!—That's nearest my heart—Oh, Julia!

Failer. *(without)* You'll find Mr. Tangent in the next room, ma'am.

Tang. Heavens! 'tis Julia! 'tis herself! and joy brightens her lovely countenance. Oh, let me meet her! Damn these things! 'Sdeath! how shall I conceal my disgrace? What can I do to—

Enter JULIA.

(Tangent holds his handkerchief before his fetters).

Julia, Sir, with a heart oppress'd with gratitude let me kneel—

Tang. Loveliest creature, rise! Allow me to—
(is about to raise her when he recollects his fetters)
Pray rise, ma'am; you distress me.

Julia. Why should benevolence shrink from praise?

Tang. Angelic excellence! call it love, adoration—I'm your slave—upon my soul, I'm in chains—I beg pardon—but my love is pure as your own thoughts.

Julia. Sir, I believe you noble—above base concealment.

Tang. By heaven I would not conceal any thing; that is, not any thing that—that—

Julia. Sir, my father is anxious to see you.

Tang. Happy tidings!

Julia.

Julia. Will you favour him with your company?

Tang. Instantly.

Julia. This way then.

Tang. Yes, ma'am. (*recollecting himself*) That is, presently—I'll come presently to—to—to his house.

Julia. Farewel! Oh, sir, my feelings wou'd be unworthy, cou'd I exprefs them—But these tears of joy—

Tang. Dry them, lovely creature. By heaven, they affect me to that—(*raises his handkerchief to his eyes, recollects himself, then pulls a chair towards him, and gets behind it, leans over it, and wipes his eyes*).

Julia. What noise was that?

Tang. I did not hear any noise.

Julia. The clank of fetters. I dread to meet those miserable beings—Perhaps some horrid murderer.

Tang. Very likely, ma'am.

Julia. Yet I must pity them.

Tang. 'Tis very kind of you, ma'am.

Julia. Poor wretches!

Tang. Ah, poor devils!

Julia. Farewel, sir. We shall see you soon.

[*Exit.*]

Tang. I'll follow you and fly—Egad, that's the only way I can follow. Heigho! But away with melancholy. *Julia* Faulkner is happy; and can I be otherwise? (*sits down.*)

Enter CAUSTIC. (cautiously)

Caust. There he sits the picture of despair, poor fellow! This lesson has cured him.

Tang. These decorations are not exactly the thing, to be sure, ha, ha!

Caust.

Caust. How mournfully he looks down on his disgraceful fetters!

Tang. Julia is happy—The thought is extacy!
(*rises*)

Caust. How lucky that I came! His despair might have made him kill himself.

Tang. I could sing—dance for joy. Dance! I remember seeing a man at the playhouse dance a horn-pipe in a pair of these things, and did it devilish well too—Let me see—somehow!—Tol de rol lol lol! (*sings and dances, not seeing Caustic*) My uncle! Confusion!

Caustic. I shall go mad! (*after a struggle for breath*) Oh you—I can't speak—dancing! But you'll have but one dance more, and that will be upon nothing, —you—the wounded man is dead.

Tang. Dead! Heaven forbid!

Caust. Most certain, sir.

Tang. Am I then a murderer? Shall I never see Julia Faulkner more? (*sits down.*)

Enter NED (with a patch on his forehead) and JAILER.

Ned. Sir, I must go home;—so, will thank you for the five guineas you promised.

Caust. Go along, you scoundrel! (*endeavouring to conceal him.*)

Tang. Never to behold—Eh! (*seeing Ned*) Oh, my dear fellow, how glad I am to see you! (*embraces him*) Here, take off these things, will you? (*Ned and Jailer take off the fetters*) I thought such a head as this cou'd not be easily crack'd, ha, ha, ha! (*exulting*) Now to my Julia! Farewell, uncle! Here's cash for you both. (*gives money.*)

F

Caust.

Cauf. Then I must kill the dog myself. (*grasps his cane*) Nephew, come here—will you only listen to me?

Tang. Sir, I'll listen to you for a month.

[*Exit.*

Cauf. I'll murder him—stop that villain.

[*Exit pursuing.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

*A Room at ALLSPICE'S.**Enter DASHALL with an opened letter.**Dashall.*

Now this is not fair play ! What a rascally shame !
 What the devil does Fortune mean by it ? Zounds !
 to be bankrupt ! My name in the Gazette at this
 moment, when I was doing them all in such a ca-
 pital style ! And, then, to lose the nice girl ! I sup-
 pose I shall have that fellow, Tangent, demanding
 satisfaction. Oh, my smashing will fly about like
 wildfire. If I can't in one hour humbug old All-
 spice, and marry his daughter, I must scud. For-
 tune, be but kind ! Damn her ! she's a jade, I'll
 not invoke her. But thou, genius of swindling !
 Oh stick by me now, and I'll never forsake thee.
 She's propitious ! for here comes one flat.

Enter ALLSPICE.

Well, Toby, what are you thinking about ?

Allsp. London. I never was there. You must
 show me the sights—The lions at the Tower, and
 the bulls and bears at the Stock Exchange ; the
 parliament-house, and the wax-work ;—the bench
 of bishops, and the maids of honour. And, my
 dear friend, you'll show me the King's Bench ?

Dash. Aye, that I will.

F 2

Allsp.

Allsp. And, I say, the pretty girls.

Dash. True, my dear fellow : but about the trifle of money—

Allsp. Trifle ! Oh, the half-crown that I lost to you at all-fours.

Dash. No, no ; the five thousand.

Allsp. Oh dear that's an enormous sum.

Dash. My letters from Petersburg say, the frost has set in there so devilish hard, that furs will be any price.

Allsp. Indeed ! I have the money in my pocket.

Dash. Have you ? give it me directly.

Allsp. Friendly creature, how anxious you are !

Dash. I am. Upon my soul, I feel just as if I were going to receive it for my own advantage.

Allsp. Good soul ! Well, here it is.

Dash. Now I touch.

Enter SHOPMAN.

Shop. Mr. Caustic, sir, wishes to speak with you.

Allsp. Very well. I'll come to him. (*puts up the money.*) [*Exit Shopman.*]

Dash. Confound Mr. Caustic ! My bankruptcy will be blown, and then—(*aside.*)

Allsp. Tho' 'tis for my own advantage, I can't bear to part with my dear notes.

Dash. If I have not the money directly, 'tis all up, I assure you.

Allsp. That would be a pity.

Dash. It wou'd indeed.

Allsp. (*taking out the notes again*) Why, then, there they are—but let me take leave of them—my pretty ones, good bye to you ; and be sure now you come again, with each of you a companion. One hug, and then we part.

Dash. Now I touch to a certainty.

Allsp. Now, hold your hand.

Enter SHOPMAN.

Shop. The Gazette, sir.

[*Exit.*

Dasb. Oh the devil!

Allsp. Stop! (*returns the notes again to his pocket.*)

Dasb. Never mind the Gazette.

Allsp. We'll just take a peep at the bankrupts.

Dasb. Here's luck again! (*aside*)

Allsp. Ah! (*taking out his glasses*) Here they are.

Dasb. But don't you see there's great news.
"The following dispatch was this day received by——"

Allsp. We'll read that afterwards.

Dasb. What shall I do?

Allsp. "Whereas a commission of——"

Dasb. Why, friend Toby, ha, ha, ha! (*taking hold of the arm that holds the Gazette*)

Allsp. What's the matter?—"Whereas a——"

Dasb. (*interrupting him*) Ha, ha! What the devil! 'Tis all up with you—can't you see without spectacles? Ha, ha! Oh, then you are dished with the girls, ha, ha!

Allsp. See without them? to be sure I can—just as well without them, as with them. Bless your soul! I only use them, because they are knowing.

Dasb. Yes, knowing enough for young men with remarkable strong eyes; but—

Allsp. "Whereas——"

Dasb. And then such a quiz of a pair as these! How you wou'd be hoaxed! Now, only see what a gig I look in them.

Allsp. First we'll just look at the bankrupts—"Whereas——"

Dash. No, no—now see. (*takes the glasses and Gazette from Allspice, lets fall the glasses, and in pretending to pick them up, treads on them, and breaks them*) Zounds I've broke them.

Allsp. 'Tis of no consequence—they were of no use to me—Thank heaven. I don't want them.

Dash. But I beg ten thousand pardons. I believe you wished to look over the list of bankrupts—there they begin, you see. (*gives Gazette*)

Allsp. (*pretending to read*) Oh yes, I see.

Dash. Any body there particular? Any body there you know?

Allsp. (*looking over the Gazette*) Oh, no, no—a few reptiles of retailers, but none of your fine dashers like us—Ah! they manage their matters too cleverly to let me see them here.

Dash. To be sure they do. (*takes the Gazette*) There I am sure enough—what an escape! Well, now the notes—now I touch, or the devil's in't!

Allsp. Yes, here they are. (*takes notes out again*) Stop—one—two—

Dash. (*adroitly snatching them*) Three—four—five. Just the sum. (*putting them into his pocket.*)

Allsp. Oh dear. I don't like to part with them! My dear friend, I'm afraid I've given you a thousand short—Let me look at them again, will you?

Dash. (*taking them out*) Certainly. No—exactly the sum. (*returning them to his pocket.*)

Enter SHOPMAN.

Shop. Mr. Caustic, sir, is in a great hurry and in a great passion, and wants to speak to you about miss Clementina, and that gentleman's marriage.

Dash. Ha, ha! here's capital luck! Go to him, my dear Toby—let it take place directly. Tell him

him my affairs are desperate,—my love affairs, I mean.

Allsp. Well, I will—I'll say you're a bankrupt in hope. But don't fend away all the money to London at once, pray don't.

Dash. Certainly not—depend on't, if I can help it, I'll not part with a farthing of it.

Allsp. Oh, thank you, thank you—'Tis an enormous sum—I don't know what to think.

Dash. What to think! Think of the profits. Nay, why so dull? Where's your spirits, your life?

Allsp. My life! You've got it in your pocket, so pray take care of it; for, indeed, the loss of it wou'd kill me.

[*Exit.*

Dash. Here they are! Oh, there goes lady Sorrel in a fury. I think she looks as if she were in the Gazette—I must be after her—Well, I've done the old one, however. Bravo, my boy, Dashall! All I say is, you've justified the opinion I always had of you.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Garden and Hot-house.

Enter LADY SORREL.

Lady Sor. How provoking! I cou'd cry for vexation, Where is that fellow, Dashall, I wonder?

Enter DASHALL.

Lady Sor. So, sir, you've managed matters finely!

Dash. I rather think I have.

Lady Sor. Provoking! to have that gipsey, that

Julia Faulkner in your power, and then to lose her!

Dasb. I could not help it.

Lady Sor. I believe you could not help running away.

Dasb. Nonsense! Will your talking recover her?

Lady Sor. Yes, if you'll attend to it. I have a plan, if you are not afraid of her—

Dasb. Dam'me! do you think I'm afraid of a woman?

Lady Sor. That villain, Tangent, has released her father from prison: but I've a scheme—stay, he's here.

Dasb. Then I would rather not stay. He's a desperate fighting fellow! (*aside*) I lay, step in here till he passes.

Lady Sor. What! running away again?

Dasb. 'Sdeath! no. But my affairs are devilish ticklish. I have not time to quarrel and kill people. Here he comes: If you don't go in, I'll give up Julia. Can't you tell me your plan there as well as here?

Lady Sor. But if we shou'd be seen,—and my cousin Caustic hear I was shut up with a man, I shou'd be ruined.

Dasb. Pshaw! nobody wants to ruin you. Zounds! only while he passes. (*they retire into the bot-house.*)

Enter TANGENT.

Tang. That infernal hornpipe has completely ruin'd me with my uncle. But, be that as it may, if she will consent, Julia Faulkner shall be mine, tho' this spade were my only portion. And why not this spade? What can more nobly employ the exertion of man than improving the blessings providence

vidence has sent him? I can fancy myself seated at my cottage fire, with my Julia and thirteen children,—the equal serenity of the scene harmonizing with the tranquil uniformity of my disposition. Happy employment! There we see the art of man even giving climate. (*pointing to the hot-house*) Eh! I thought I caught a glimpse of that hypocrite, lady Sorrel, endeavouring to conceal herself. I suppose a hot-house suits the warmth of her disposition; if so, she shall have it hot enough.—(*aloud*) Confound the carelessness of these rascally gardeners, leaving doors and windows open!—cold as an ice-house. (*locks door*) The grapes will be four; and I know there's a fine old sensitive plant within, that can't bear being exposed—I'll bring things forward. (*during this he puts up the glass, opens the flues, and blows the fire.*) Zounds! My uncle, and as furious as when I left him!—I must be off—I presume your ladyship begins to feel rather worm and comfortable. [*Exit.*]

Enter CAUSTIC and ALLSPICE.

Caust. Come, sir, dispatch—Let me get rid of this business. Where's this DASHALL and your daughter? I must be gone—I would not stay in this infernal town—

Allsp. True; there's no making a splash here. I must reside in a place suited to my elegant ideas. London's the shop for me.

Caust. But, zounds! where's your daughter?

Allsp. How kind of you to regard my Cleme!

Caust. I regard her! Sir, she's a lady I particularly dislike. Do you think I give her thirty thousand pounds because—No, sir, I do it to revenge myself on that thoughtless, profligate, tormenting nephew, that has teized, has made me mad—but
where

where is she?—Oh, she comes—heyday! what, in tears?

Enter CLEMENTINA, weeping, holding a Gazette in her hand; and Officer.

Allsp. What's the matter, Cleme?

Clem. Now this is extremely disagreeable.

Allsp. What makes my dear daughter unhappy? Nothing serious, I hope. None of the spoons lost, eh?

Clem. Spoons? Don't talk to me of spoons. My fortune is lost, my husband is lost—this man is come to take him away. Mr. Dathall is a bankrupt.

Allsp. What?

Clem. His name in the Gazette.

Allsp. Where? where? Oh, will any body lend me a pair of spectacles?

Clem. Are you short-sighted?

Allsp. Oh very—I've a notion.

Clem. Ah! (*pointing to his name in the Gazette*) There he is.

Allsp. Where is he? (*jumping round and seizing Caustic*) He's a villain!

Caust. I thought he was your friend,—the man that cropt you.

Allsp. Yes, he has cropt me with the devil to it; cropped me of five thousand pounds.

Caust. Five thousand pounds! What was he to do with it?

Allsp. To buy tippets.

Caust. Tippets!

Allsp. Ay, and bosom-friends. What had I to do with bosom-friends? Damn all friends! I was once happy and friendless. Eh! I left him here. I hope he is not gone to make a splash with my dear

dear money—I hope he's in the garden. Mr. DASHALL! Mr. DASHALL! I wan't to speak to you, Mr. DASHALL. Come here, will you, my dear friend? I only want to speak to you. Oh, if I cou'd but fasten on him—I want to give you another thousand pounds. I do indeed. Oh, the infernal villain! My excellent friend, don't hide yourseif. (*goes up the stage, looking about*)

Caust. Everlasting, everlasting disappointment! will nobody have thirty thousand pounds?

Clem. Mr. Caustic, pray sir, don't be in such a hurry. If you will but have the kindnes to wait till to-morrow, I dare say I can get somebody to marry me.

Caust. I would not stay an hour, Will nobody have thirty thousand pounds?

Allsp. I will, give it to me.

Caust. But on the terms——

Allsp. Any terms.

Caust. Will you marry?

Allsp. Any body.

Clem. You marry, pa! too ridiculous, a vast deal.

Allsp. Hold your tongue, hussy—I feel I shall be miserable without money, so I may as well marry and be miserable with it.

Clem. Dear Mr. Caustic, only wait till to-morrow. I'll ask every body to have me. Oh do! lud, I shall be under such a style of obligation.

Caust. Pshaw!

Clem. I'll make it a principle to please. Oh do!

Caust. I won't.

Clem. Won't you? then you're an old wretch, a brute; and I hope, pa, if you marry, you'll be a brute; and (*to Caustic*) I vow I wish your gout
may

may return, and shoot up into your wither'd head in such a style—Yes, you may laugh—(*sobbing*) but to be utterly ruined is extremely disagreeable.

[*Exit, weeping.*]

Allsp. Oh, he's gone !

Caust. Friend Toby, a lucky thought—I've hit upon a wife for you. What say you to your visitor, my cousin, Lady Sorrel ? she's virtuous.

Allsp. I've my doubts.

Caust. Oh fie ! no, she's extremely correct,—correct even to appearances. Her good conduct defies suspicion.

Allsp. Then 'tis a bargain.

Caust. With all my heart ; and by giving you my hand, I give (*going to shake hands, a crash is heard in the hot-house.*)

What's that ?

Allsp. More of my property going. I suppose some old blind tabby cat has got into my hot-house. Bring the blunderbuss, will you ? (*to officer*)—(*Lady Sorrel screams, and Allspice unlocks the door, and Lady Sorrel comes out.*)

Allsp. Lady Sorrel !

Caust. Hey dey, cousin !

Lady Sor. I'm quite faint.

Allsp. Rest on me, my lady.

Lady Sor. The heat of the place.

Allsp. You seem rather warm. Pray have you seen any thing of my dear friend, Mr. DASHALL ?

Lady Sor. I, sir ? no.

Caust. This has an odd appearance.

Lady Sor. I'll explain it. Cousin, I went in to pull a bunch of grapes ; and a booby of a servant passing by, lock'd the door.

Caust. I'm satisfied. Well, cousin, I've got you a husband here. Nay, no blushing. You are too wife

wise and too old for girlish affectation. With my friend Toby, I give you thirty thousand pounds, and as times go, a pretty honest man.

Allsp. Yes, my lady, an honest pretty man.

Caust. And, friend Toby, with my cousin you have neither youth nor beauty, to be sure; but abundance of chastity, virtue, and benevolence, so heaven—*(another crash is heard.)*

Allsp. Zounds! what's that? I dare say, one of Cleme's puppy dogs.—*(to officer)* Go in, and pull him out by the cuff of the neck *(officer goes in.)*

Lady Sor. I declare I'm quite faint again.

Allsp. Let me support you—I'll never leave you.

Officer (comes out with Dasball) Have I found you at last?

Caust. Mr. Dasball!

Allsp. Who? *(Lets go Lady Sorrel, and runs to Dasball, puts his hand into his pocket, and recovers his notes.)*

Give me my money, you villain! here it is. Oh, let me kiss you, and lay you to my faithful breast.

Caust. How have I been deceived! *(to Lady Sorrel.)*

Allsp. Mr. Caustic, you'll excuse my marrying.—*(to Dasball)* I can see your roguery without spectacles, you monopolizer of villany! farewell to dashing! Roger, bring me my wig and apron.

Tang. (without) Sir, I entreat—

Caust. My nephew! dare he come in my presence? then you shall see me knock him down.

Allsp. No, no *(with-holding him.)*

Enter TANGENT, followed by FAULKNER and JULIA.

Faulk. In vain you fly me.

Tang.

Tang. You distress me—I beg, sir,—I insist—

Faulk. Never can my soul be satisfied, till my knees bend in gratitude—

Tang. Captain Faulkner ! upon my soul, 'tis devilish hard to have one's feelings distressed, because a man has done a trifling act—

Caust. What's this ?

Faulk. A trifling act ! have you not redeemed me from prison, from despair ? have you not preserved my Julia's honour ?

Caust. Stand by, I don't think I shall knock him down.

Tang. If I have been so fortunate, let my reward be the preservation of that honour with my life, and for my life.

Faulk. Sir, I shou'd certainly feel proud of your alliance ;—but you have a relation.

Tang. What, old uncle, ha, ha ! I have certainly plagued him most confoundedly.

Caust. I believe I'll knock him down (*raises his cane*)

Tang. But, upon my honour, to make him unhappy, wou'd give me serious sorrow. (*Caustic drops his cane*) Oh, sir, give me but Julia Faulkner without fortune—

Caust. I forbid the banns.

Tang. Sir, I insist.

Caust. And, sir, I insist that you don't marry miss Faulkner without a fortune, but that you marry her with thirty thousand pounds.

Tang. Most excellent uncle ! my sweetest Julia ! and will you, sir, forgive my follies ?

Caust. Heartily, my boy. Frank, I can pardon the head for wandering, when I find the heart's at home.

Dash. Tangent, I give you joy.

Tang.

Tang. Gently ! while you were affluent, the elegant flavour of your Tokay kept down the coarse twang of the borachio in your manners. But now you're poor, you'll be cut even by your brother swindlers.

Faulk. Is not this the wretch— ?

Dasb. Sir, I shou'd be happy to give you satisfaction ; but you see I'm in custody—(*Faulkner going up to him*) Officer, do your duty : why don't you secure me ? I never despair—do you think this is the first time I've been in the Gazette ? I've some irons in the fire yet.

Tang. And if you want more irons, I cou'd recommend you to a pair that wou'd suit you exactly.

Lady Sor. Mr. Dasball are you going to town ?

Officer. You may depend upon it, my lady.

Lady Sor. If you'll give me leave, I'll accompany you.

Julia. First let me thank you, madam, for the delicate anxiety you have shewn respecting me and this gentleman, and for your humanity in arresting my father.

Caust. Did she do that ? abandoned hypocrite ! leave my sight.

Dasb. Well, I bear no malice. Good bye to you all. I say, Toby, won't you send some almonds and raisins to Harriet ?—ha, ha ! Now to London, and my creditors, where I'll nobly give them five-pence halfpenny in the pound, and the jolliest dinner the London Tavern can produce—Good bye to you, gigs ! dam'me, I'll make a splash yer.

[*Exeunt Dasball, Lady Sorrel, and Officer.*]

Allsp. Put him in my horse-pond. Let him make a splash there.

“ Enter

“ *Enter M'QUERY.*

“ *M'Query.* Pray, is Lady Sorrel—oh the devil—

“ *Faulk.* Hold—oh, dread not my personal chastisement : your abject villany protects you from that—

“ *M'Query.* It is not the first time it has stood my friend.

“ *Faulk.* Do you see this letter ?

“ *M'Query.* I certainly missed it, and am ready to refund.

“ *Faulk.* You disgrace an honourable profession, and are the vile exception to the liberal and noble character of your nation.

“ *M'Query.* Sir ! I am worth twenty thousand pounds, and am your humble servant.

“ *Tang.* Villain !

“ *M'Query.* Take care what you say, young gentleman—don't you libel an attorney—'tis the most heinous crime—the devil a lawyer will plead your cause for you ; but the whole battalion of the black badgers will open upon you, and tell you that libelling an attorney strikes at the root of humanity ; it tears out the vitals of existence ; it shivers the adamant bands of society ; it makes curds and whey of the milk of human kindness ; it convulses and confuses, and disturbs and distorts—Oh ! whatever you do, never libel an attorney.”

[*Exit.*

Tang. I hope, sir, my Julia has made you a convert.

Cauf. She has indeed—and I beg pardon of her sex, to whom she has given this lesson—that the affection and duty of a daughter is the best security for happiness in a wife ; and that filial affection
and

and feminine diffidence is THE WAY TO GET MARRIED. ~~As for you, nephew~~

~~Tang. Sir, I have bade adieu to all my air-drawn
fancies, except the woolfack, in which whim I will
once more indulge, in the trembling hope, that
our endeavours this night to please have been
crowned with your candid approbation. As ma-
ny as are content say "Aye."—non-contents,
"No." We flatter ourselves the contents have
it.~~

END OF THE COMEDY.

EPILOGUE,

Written by Captain TOPHAM.

Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS..

THE dubious title of our Play this night
Might fill mama with joy, or miss with fright.
“The way to get a husband,” and what not;—
But are they worth the getting when they’re got?
“Yes,” cries bold miss,—whom mother’s kind regard
Has led, at young fourteen, to cock her card,—
“Yes,” cries bold miss, “whate’er the formals say,
They are worth getting, and I know the way.
—The way’s up Bond-street! where we daily range,
Where sauntering bloods crowd Fashion’s full exchange!
There (charming scene!) as undismay’d we strut—
Dogs, misses, dukes, and draymen, meet full butt!
There, lounging arm in arm, half-booted crops,
With heads so dark, you’d swear they were—black mops!
There, muslin petticoats with mud so lac’d,
Here scarlet spencers with an inch of waist,
So scarlet ail, my rouge they seem to scoff,
And look like lobsters with their tails cut off!
—Here for a husband is the scene to dash,
Here for a town-bred miss to—make a splash.
The plump, brisk widow takes a different road,
She cannot walk down Bond-street:—she’s a load!
Good sixteen stone to carry—but yet strong:
She rolls a wool pack Venus,—broad as long!
Yet she’s a tender passion for the stage!
With her, dear *private acting* is the rage,
Shakspeare in her finds beauties—not his choice,
And Juliet grieves in—a fine manly voice,
Her Romeo—a lord, might suit your pocket,
Looks like a candle—sunk into the socket.
In tones like these their mutual passions run:—
Says he, (*a lisping effeminate voice*)
“It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!
“To heaven respected lenity, adieu!
“And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!”

EPILOGUE.

Then she—(*very gruff, hoarse tone*)

“ Good nurse ! I am a child ! Put ! do not speak,

“ Else would a maiden-blush bepaint my cheek

“ For that which thou hast heard me speak this night ;

“ I am an infant-wife scarce wedded quite !”

Accents so sweet, what mortal can withstand ?

The stage struck peer makes tender of his hand.

Juliet exclaims, as not consenting quite,

“ What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?”

If “ To Get Married,” this be *not* the way,

What grace, what charm more potent, can have sway ?

A maiden in the country,—on whose cheek,

Pure as the primros’d morn, the blushes speak,

Whose mind illum’d by Nature’s simple ray,

Disdains to rule, and chuses to obey,

Who, like the Briton, conquers to—increase
Domestic happiness, and lasting peace !

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